

THE WAR \$ GRY

AND OFFICIAL

GAZETTE OF THE

SALVATION ARMY

IN CANADA AND

NEWFOUNDLAND

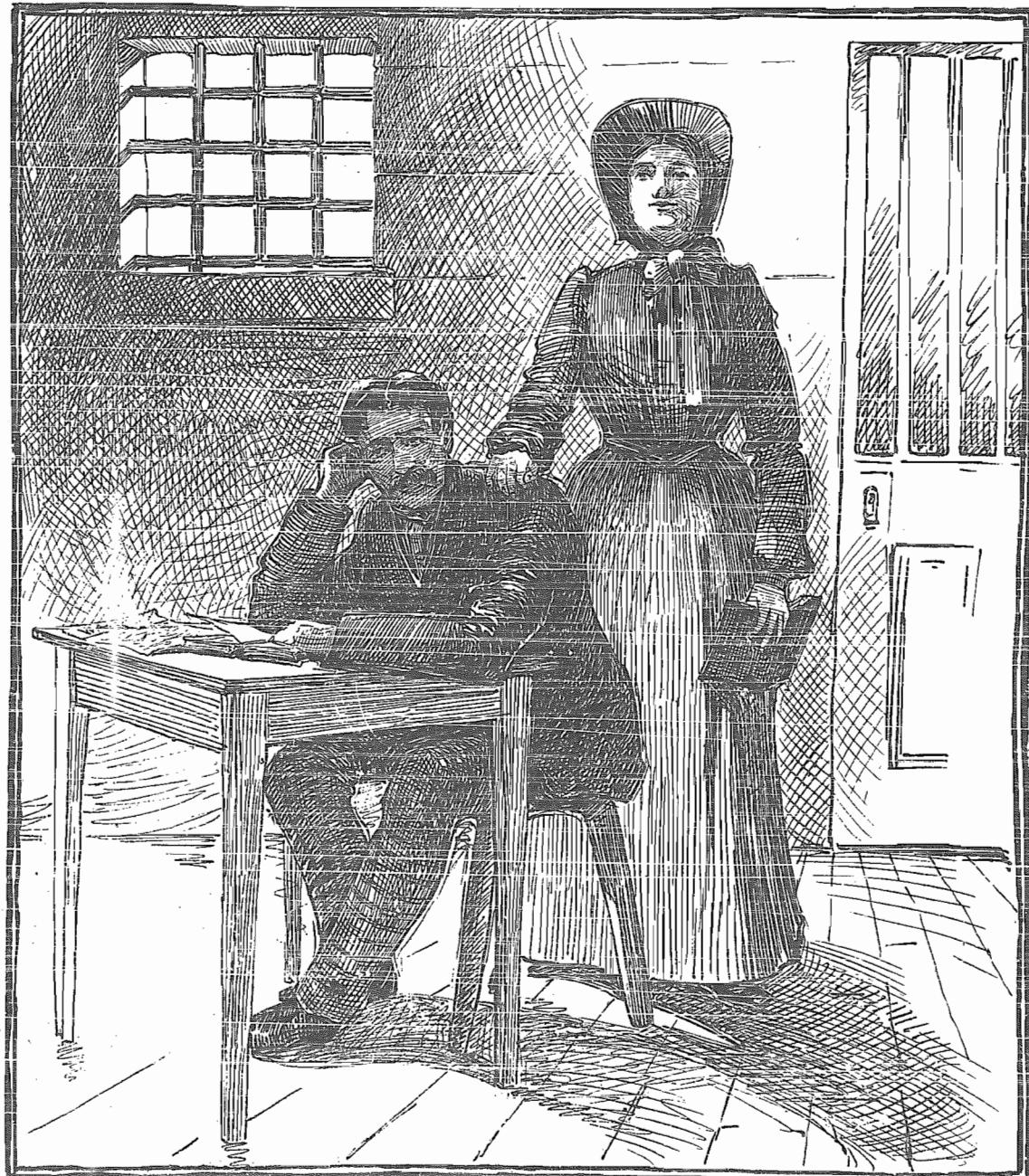
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WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, JANUARY 14, 1905.

THOMAS B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

Price, 5 Cents.



"IN PRISON AND YE VISITED ME."

(See Article on page 3.)

Jovial Ned.

He was old, but hale and active, coming from a hardy race; Seldom had he known an illness, one could see it in his face. Always jolly and contented, people called him "Jovial Ned." For he oft amused the neighbors by the witty things he said.

But to-night he sits in silence by the kitchen fire, out there, And complains of feeling chilly, as he closer draws his chair. "Feel a little strange," he mutters; "think I'll go upstairs to bed," And at once lies down in silence, but, alas! poor Jovial Ned.

Neighbors soon approach his bedside, shocked to see him lying there, And with sympathetic kindness they attempt to help and cheer; But, alas! he grows unconscious, never utters one word more; Thus he died, that very evening—died as he had lived before.

He had often been to meetings, and had heard the Gospel sound, And was asked to seek salvation while the Saviour could be found; But he only laughed about it, sometimes getting angry, too, And would leave those solemn meetings hating what is good and true.

He would often speak of dying in a light and jesting way, And when death removed his neighbors he had still some jokes to say. Nothing seemed to make impression on his hard and sinful heart, And he had no wish to alter and to choose the better part.

He had quenched the Holy Spirit, and had no desire to pray, But the Lord did call him quickly, and the call he must obey. When the Judgment books are opened he will share the sinner's fate, And be banished to that region, far from heaven's pearly gate.

Thousands more are living like him, living daily in their sin. Never thinking of the Judgment that will very soon begin.

Like poor Ned, they go to meetings, hear the Christians speak and pray, But they laugh about it, growing worse from day to day.

Soon, like him, they'll hear the summons, and they, too, will have to go, Not to share the bliss eternal, but eternity of woe; For the souls who die in error—die without their sins forgiven— Shall be cast in outer darkness, and shall never enter heaven.

Reader, are you now converted? Are you now prepared to die? Oh, if not, repent this moment. God will hear your earnest cry. He may call you very quickly, death is active all around. Then prepare, prepare to meet Him while salvation may be found.

P. N. Esnouf.

HIS MOTHER'S FAVORITE.

A number of Salvationists were conducting an open-air meeting in one of the slums of Birmingham. Among other songs, they sang together, "When I survey the wondrous cross." The music of their voices found its way through the open doors and windows around, and reached the ears of a drunkard. That it had struck a chord in his heart was evident, for he at once approached the Salvationists, and, with tears trickling down his bloated face, pleaded: "Oh, please sing that again. My poor old mother used to sing it so often when I was a boy—'twas her favor-

A VOICE FROM WALES.

GREAT AWAKENING.

BY THE GENERAL.

God is evidently speaking, and that loudly, to many of the Welsh people.

He is calling them to consider their ways, forsake their sins, seek His favor, enlist in His service, and get ready to stand before Him on His Great White Throne.

And that which gladdens my soul, delights the angels, and gives joy to Jesus Christ about the matter is the fact that numbers recognize the Speaker, listen to His message, fall at His feet, accept His mercy, and pour forth their praises to His name.

The results are what might be expected. They are unanswerable arguments that prove the genuineness of the article. Look at them:

In the districts visited the people can think and talk of little but the claims of God and the progress of His work. Many of the public-houses are deserted. Prayer meetings go on all the time. Hardened sinners are under conviction of sin. Backsliders are being restored, and the songs and praise of those who are filled with love are making the mountains and valleys around them ring with joy.

It Speaks to the General.

Now, my comrades, the world over, I want to tell you that the Voice which has so deeply stirred the souls of these miners and produced such blessed results amongst them has reached mine also—has reached the heart of the Chief—has reached the hearts of the Provincial Commanders, and is echoing in the hearts of thousands more.

The spirit of revival is breaking out up and down the country in corps and places hundreds of miles apart, and I am cherishing the glorious expectation of seeing similar awakenings not only here and there, but in the entire Salvation Army—nay, throughout the wide, wide world.

Such longings are inevitable. Where is the true Salvationist who can hear of such glorious awakenings without desiring to see similar works wrought in his own corps and in his own home? Here is the sound of an abundance of rain, and I prophesy that what is falling in drops shall ere long come in

ite." The soldiers sang the song a second time, and when they moved off to their hall the drunkard followed them, and that night he gave his heart and life to his mother's God.

"When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I call but loss
And pour contempt on all my pride."

Led by the Spirit.

The actors in the following incident earned their living within a mile of the City Hall, Toronto.

A Salvation soldier felt that he was called by God to leave his position and seek employment elsewhere. Our comrade being a firm believer in the leading of the Holy Spirit, decided to follow His guidance. Quitting where he was, he sought and found employment in a tannery at somewhat lower wages than he had been receiving, but his mind was at rest, for he had the assurance that he was where God wanted him to be. It was hard for him at first to understand why God wanted him there, but, as a good soldier, he obeyed first, and inquired into the reason why after.

The first chance he had he sounded his workmates at the bench on their spiritual condition, and discovered he was working beside a man (whom we will call John) who had once served God, but had drifted away, and forsaken God and the ways of righteousness. For two weeks, working side by side, the soldier dealt faithfully with John about

floods. I am building on the possibility of a deluge of salvation.

"Lo the promise of a shower
Drops already from above,
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the Spirit of His love."

It is true that the valleys round about some of us may be full of bones, and of bones that are particularly dry. But the breath of heaven, breathed on them by the Holy Ghost, will effect all the glorious transformations we desire.

Wherever God appears in His overwhelming grace, a wave of weeping, and renunciation, and life, and purity, and love, and fire, will sweep all before Him.

It is Speaking to You.

Now, my comrades, I verily believe that the same Voice that is speaking so loudly in Wales is crying, through me, to your hearts, asking you the question, "Will you have the same visitation?"

Never mind the difficulties—you need the holy baptism; and if you sincerely desire it, and are willing to comply with the conditions on which God has promised it, no power of earth or hell shall keep you out of it. Nay, you may say by faith that it is yours already.

Oh, wait for the Spirit, hold up the gift with all His attendant advantages before your eyes in private, set it forth before your comrades in public.

Sing the songs that are full of hunger and thirst for the Spirit and expect the promises they contain to be fulfilled while you sing.

Picad with the ungodly around you for their submission to the Spirit. Perhaps God may reach them through you, or perhaps—what is not an uncommon course of action with Him—He may come to your hearts and lives and make you, through them, the flames of fire you ought to be.

Anyway, the Holy Ghost is coming on us in mighty power. Only have faith, and more faith, and you shall see manifested in you, and about you, the glory of God as you have never seen it before.

his spiritual condition. One morning as John came to work he told our soldier that he had given himself again to God, and intended to become a Salvation soldier, for he knew God had called him to do so.

The next Saturday night John went to bed rather later than usual. When he did not appear next morning at the usual time no particular notice was taken, as it was thought he might be taking a little extra rest; but as time went on his friends became alarmed, and somebody went to enquire if he was not feeling well. To their surprise they found John was dead. Medical evidence showed that he had been dead for some hours, probably dying soon after retiring Saturday night.

A day or two after, another backslider, working in the same room, returned to God through the efforts of our soldier.

Do you think that soldier was foolish for following the Spirit's guidance, at an evident loss of cash to himself? If you know the joy of leading a soul to Christ you will say, "Certainly not," and the writer agrees with you. If you know not the joy of serving the Lord, come and prove what pleasure there is in it and taste the great joy of leading a soul to God.—Cadet John H. Bowbrick.

The best things when prevented become the worst.

You may build your own fortune, but you will need God for the architect.

A man may be very tender in prayer, and yet avail him nothing if he is cruel to his beasts.

Good Samaritan's Inn.

AN EXCELLENT HOME FOR LONDON'S MAGDALENES—CLEANLINESS AND GODLINESS—THE PROPERTY TO BE PURCHASED.

THE square white brick building, with cottage roof, high ceilings, and spacious halls, suggests that it has been built by the owner of many broad acres, after his banking account had swelled to a comfortable figure, and before fuel became scarce in the bush.

It makes an ideal Rescue Home; there is nothing of the "institution" look about its appearance, no feature suggests the jail; on the contrary, it impresses one as decidedly home-like.

It was a snowy December morning when Mrs. Sgt.-Major Andrews, who by her work as a League of Mercy Sister is well-known to those whose environments are that of hospital ward, cell, or asylum, guided us through the deep layers of the "beautiful," which had generously fallen over night, to the Rescue Home. It was early on Monday morning, too, but everything inside looked scrupulously clean. Staff-Capt. Jessie McDonald, a tried and faithful officer of many years' standing, wearing her white Matron's dress and one of her sunny smiles, received us at the threshold. She conducted us to the spacious room which does duty as reception room and office. Among the morning mail on her desk we noticed a large official envelope which aroused our journalistic curiosity, which the Staff-Captain satisfied quickly by showing us its contents. It was a typewritten report of the Government Inspector, who had only recently called to thoroughly go through the Home. His severest examination must have had but pleasing result, for in his report he expresses nothing but satisfaction with the condition and management of the Home, commenting on the good work accomplished there, and stating that the Home is worthy of every support.

Lung Exercise.

There was plenty audible evidence of the presence of many children long before our eyes beheld what we thought must be a wriggling mass of miniature humanity.

"We can hear their little tunes almost any time of the day or night," said the Matron; "but we love them all."

We were pleasantly surprised when we saw about a dozen and a half tots in the nursery, who, with few exceptions, looked healthy, and who all bore evidences of loving care.

Bright little Jessie, on the arm of Captain Birch, raised her hand in military salute, and commenced at once a smiling chatter in Greek. Chubby boy Eddy slept soundly through all the noise around him, in one of the numerous neat cots standing round the wall.

Carl is a lively boy, almost too big now to stay longer in the Home. Staff-Capt. McDonald dreads to part with the little fellow, for he will soon have to go to school, and enter his first stage of training for the battle of life.

Last winter a kind lady sent some money to be used to give the children a treat. The Matron decided to take them all out for a sleigh-ride. Such fine fun it was! The young ones screamed with delight, and never forgot that day; especially Carl nursed tender recollections of it. When he saw the first mantle of snow covering the ground on a recent morning he at once discreetly inquired whether the kind lady had sent some more money to give them another sleigh-ride.

In the work-room, tucked away in a cradle in a warm corner, we saw twin girls of less than twenty-four hours of age. Upstairs the young mother rested, well looked after, and doubtless remembering in her hour of loneliness, Him who had implanted that unselfish love for sorrowing mankind in the heart of those noble women who cared for her in her hour of distress.

The first impression of cleanliness was not

disturbed in our round of inspection. The operating-room, the hospital ward, the officers' rooms, the cheery dining-room; everywhere we could trace the untiring energy of Staff-Capt. McDonald and her devoted assistant, Ensign Hall.

There were no luxurious furnishings and costly couches, but in their simplicity and neat appearance, all rooms had the stamp of the home on it, and it is the spirit of home that presides in its entire management.

Many a wandering girl, on the verge of despair, and in deep humiliation about her disgrace, has found a haven of refuge within those walls, and a large number have also met there with Jesus, who saved them and bade them go and sin no more.

Even among those whom frequent acquaintance with vice and sin had hardened before they came to the Home, some splendid trophies have been won for Christ.

Negotiations are now proceeding to purchase the building, and we are sure that the good friends of London will contribute liberally towards securing such an eminently-suitable property for this Christ-like work.

As I came away my heart was stirred while contemplating the great self-sacrifice of our dear Rescue Officers, who cheerfully give their best to help those whom the world scorns and flings aside. There is much



Staff-Captain Jessie McDonald, Matron London Rescue Home.

drudgery and a great deal to discourage these women-workers, yet the love of Christ constraineth them to count it all joy that by some means they may win souls for the Kingdom of God.

The Angel of the Murderer.

(To our frontispiece.)

THE crime for which James Slaughter was convicted will probably be fresh in the minds of many of our readers. On it we do not wish to dwell, as it has no bearing on the case. But we would like to call attention to the remarkable letter which the condemned man has written to the War Cry for publication, and to the devoted work of our League of Mercy sisters, who toil unnoticed among the sufferers in the hospitals and the incarcerated in our penal institutions.

Slaughter's letter was forwarded to us by Mrs. Boxall, the Sgt.-Major of our League of Mercy at Windsor, Ont. Mrs. Boxall said that excepting his own people, she was the only one who was allowed to see the prisoner, and she used her opportunity to arouse his conscience and lead him to Christ. Several months before his recent removal he sought and found the pardon of our God.

We bless God for the devoted efforts of this dear sister. But these incidents might be multiplied, as there are members of the League of Mercy at work all over the country. If they only would, they could tell many interesting stories that would bless, uplift, and inspire others.

THE PRISONER'S LETTER.

I have been a reader of your paper for the past ten months, and having found that it is very instructive to all who wish to know the truth, and being benefitted by it myself, I want to write you these few words of thanks, and, if you will receive it, will give a little sketch of my past and present, which may prove to be a benefit to some poor striving soul.

I, Edward Slaughter, having just escaped the sentence of death, and even now waiting to be taken to Kingston Penitentiary, where I am to spend the rest of my life, write these words to you by my own hand, and advise all who love the pleasures of this world to stop and consider what is the end of it all. I am well acquainted with this world, having traveled a great deal, seen many things, and have done almost everything, even partaking in the evil doings of this world to the lowest

degree. I have been in various occupations, from a newsboy to a murderer, but now have become a Christian.

When I was first confined here in Essex County Jail, I was an unbeliever, and seeing that I had plenty of time to spare I thought I would read the Bible through, in order to be better able to argue in favor of infidelity. But God knew my heart better than I did myself, for this was His way to bring me into the fold, and before I had read the good book half through He had very gently, but surely, turned me around. After He had showed me the truth of all things, and enabled me to believe, I laid hold of God in earnest, and by yielding my heart to His tender call, I have come to the knowledge of the truth, wherein I rejoice even now. Think not that I am not happy because I am in this condition, for I am happier than ever in my life, and have been most at peace since my stay here than in all my former life. God did not forget me because I was in here; He has promised, "I will never leave you nor forsake you." This I found true, for my joy has been full. He sent to me an angel once every week, to provide those things that were needful, and to sing and pray with me. In this I have found much comfort, and earnestly pray that God will ever be with the angel which He sent me, who appeared to me in the form of a sweet woman, bearing the name of Mrs. Boxall. I write to you, who know the truth, that you may rejoice the more to know that He in whom you trust is sure, and able to save to the uttermost all who will flee to Him for refuge. I write to those who are weak in faith that they may continue, for they shall reap in due time if they faint not.

I have never had any experience in Christian work, but I have tried to love all those of the Salvation Army, for I feel that they are doing the work our Saviour intended His followers to do, as He saith, "Go ye into the highways and byways and compel them to come in." I pray God that He will keep, guide, and strengthen you, and grant that you shall prosper in all your ways.

James E. Slaughter.

Toronto Children's Christmas Feed.

Hundreds of Children Gather in the Temple Auditorium—Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs Present.

There are few hearts who are not touched by the sight of a pinched face, whether it be of a woman or a man, but methinks who could refuse a few coppers or a bite to eat to a hungry child. And yet in this fair Canada of ours there are many of very tender years indeed who know what it is not only to lack suitable and warm clothing during the inclement months of winter, but who, to an extent, at least, feel the pangs of hunger.

Toronto the Good may have a less percentage of such needy creatures compared with other large cities, but if the would-be kind even there wish to go to a little trouble, he would soon find a good few who know little of Christmas delicacies—yea, those who have felt the pinch of poverty to the extent of not having the bare necessities of life.

Illustrative of this Staff-Capt. Coombs, our commanding officer of the Temple corps, on a very respectable street came across a family in dire want, living in a solitary room, without fire, without furniture, and worst of all scanty clothing and no food. The husband had been unfortunate—his trade had been slack, and through one cause and another, largely due to circumstances, he had been unable to pay the rent to a grasping landlord, who sent in the bailiff to sell all he could lay his hands upon. In a most wretched condition indeed Staff-Capt. Coombs found the family. A couple of rough stretchers formed a bed; there was no fire, the stove had gone, and no bedding as far as the officer could see. The sad-faced wife was slow to explain her situation, but at length particulars were elicited and help given.

Here was one place, then, containing suffering children—we hope the only one so wretched in the Queen City. We fear not, however.

The adults had been supplied with the baskets, but Commissioner Coombs, not unmindful of the children, through the Provincial Officer, arranged for a general turkey dinner for them in the large auditorium on Jan. 2nd. Were many there? you ask. Probably 600. The officers of the various corps had judiciously gone amongst the people of their districts and selected the most deserving. Ensign Cornish, Capt. Laird, with an army of helpers, waited upon the juvenile host, and the Temple Band played such sweet melodies that a little fellow beseeched Commissioner Coombs to stop the music, as he was so enchanted he couldn't eat!

Mrs. Coombs was present also, and with her two daughters graciously gave out an extra supply of good things to the children as they passed out.

The talk of the Commissioner none present will forget (and there were hundreds of adult spectators in the gallery). The children enjoyed his kindly words as much, we think, as they had the delicious edibles they had devoured, and raised three loud hurrahs for the General, three more for the Army, three for the friends who had contributed the necessary money, and finally a volley for themselves.

The sight of these hundreds of young feast-ers would have made glad the generous friends who did not pass the "boiling-pot" on the streets of the Queen City the days before Christmas.—F. M.

Ottawa's Christmas Efforts.

THE SALVATION ARMY DISPENSES CHRISTMAS CHEER.

(Ottawa Free Press.)

With characteristic energy and commendable sacrifice and courage, the local members of the Salvation Army, these valiant soldiers

of the cross, take time by the forelock and appeal with irresistible force to the public for generous contributions of money, provisions, etc., to enable them to make Christmas Day the day of days in the lives of the poorest citizens of all the large cities throughout the length and breadth of the land.

For the past week collecting kettles have been familiar sights on our main streets, attracting attention to the sign, "Keep the pot boiling," and the answering jingle of the coins as they dropped from willing hands into these receptacles proved the sweetest music to hundreds of ears and served to exemplify the beautiful Christmas message, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

It is safe to say that among the Army's benevolences no one undertaking is more beneficial to the masses of the poor and attracts more genuine practical sympathy from all classes than its annual free distribution of Christmas cheer.

Last evening in the Army Citadel, Slater St., the hearts of many of the city's poor were gladdened by the gift of a well-filled basket. Varied indeed was the crowd which gathered, and more varied still were the vessels they brought to receive their gifts. The method of distribution was by ticket, these being given out the previous week to those considered deserving. Very seldom is an effort made to cheat the Army and obtain two baskets. Last night once or twice the same family was detected endeavoring to procure a double share.

Each basket given out contained a chicken, a small plum pudding, a loaf of bread, a parcel of tea, sugar and apples, also a small quantity of potatoes and vegetables. To some deserving of it, clothing was given in addition.

Tuesday will be the gala day for the children. Dinner will be served at the Citadel from 4 to 6.30, and after that an entertainment will be given by the Sunday School. A Christmas tree will be a feature and all are cordially invited.

This great undertaking involves an immense amount of systematic detail in its preparation, and of hard work in its successful accomplishment. Perhaps no other organization in Canada is better qualified by practical experience and discipline to carry such an effort to completion. It means that from the highest Staff Officer to the latest recruit, or convert, all are at their post early and late, at the front or behind the scenes, for the glory of Christ, and that their leader's plans may be obeyed to the letter.

Christmas Feed at Montreal.

Nearly 7,000 Meals Given Away—Total Income About \$1,500.

THE hall was crowded to the doors, the standing-room in the aisles was full and many were unable to gain an entrance, the crowd was one of most unusual cosmopolitanism—French, English, German, Russian, Scandinavian, Italian, and Jews—equally sharing in the delightful interest and excitement. Some were old and feeble, and bore upon their brow the marks of a long life of toil. Some were young, but equally careworn with untimely sorrow. Middle-aged, brought down through sickness and reverses. Young men and young women, carrying upon their countenances the traces of intemperance and dissipation. Aged men and women, too feeble to walk alone, led by the arm by a poorly-clad and neglected child, whose pinched face told its pitiful story of destitution. Others apparently more favorably circumstanced, yet upon them, too, the cruel hand of poverty had taken its firm grip. All eagerly awaited their turn to present their tickets and receive the basket of good things provided, while Brigadier Turner, amid showers of such expressions from their grateful hearts as: "A Merry Christmas to yeas, Captain Tourner!" and "May the Laird bles yeas, Mishter Tourner!" busily engaged himself, with the assistance of Capt. Battick and others, in handing them their baskets from the platform. So with a "Merry Christmas," and a "God bless you," from the Brigadier they passed down the aisle and returned

to their homes, a little brighter, a little happier, and made their little homes a little more cheerful than they had left them. Such was the picture which last Friday's gathering painted upon our memories. We shall never forget it—it was a blessed meeting. The Gospel was not only preached in word but in deed. The poor were in a practical manner brought to realize the reality of the religion of the One whose birthday we were about to commemorate.

Preceding the distribution of baskets a short service was conducted by Brigadier Turner. A special feature of the service was that addresses were delivered in five different languages—Lieut. H. — in German, Ensign Cabrit in French, Brother Sarron in Italian, Bro. — in Russian (Pole), and others in English. The following is an extract of the musical program: Ensign and Mrs. Gillam sang very sweetly, "Keep your heart singing all the while." Capt. and Mrs. Coy sang that soul-touching song, "Jesus waits to pardon you." Capt. Webber delighted everybody with her beautiful singing of "Glory to God in the highest." And the Montreal I. Band played several selections.—Lieut. Adsit.

MONTREAL'S YULETIDE.

The Glorious Fulfilment of the Duties of the Army During the Season of Christmas.

By the Rev. Mr. Sarron.

Behold a faithful band of Christian workers! Behold the officers of the Salvation Army in great triumph! There is a topic in many a mouth. What is it? The glorious Army is going to cheer up many a sad home; she is going to feed up the children of humanity—the hope of the nation; yea, she is endeavoring to spread the Kingdom of Heaven by sustaining wrecked, downcast bodies.

By the grace of the Almighty, many a poor, many an indifferent—yea, many a frivolous—contributed towards the noble object of the Army, and that meant a victorious triumph over the evil one. As an outsider, I cannot help admiring the movements of the Army, whose definite results, whose noble spirit, whose self-sacrifice and devotion, compelled me to forsake my Anglican ministerial career and join the noble efforts in bringing souls to the foot of the cross.

Such movements are gradually acknowledged and assisted! Hallelujah! The awaiting of the bodily assistance was impatient, the starving fathers and mothers longed for their baskets of provisions; the half-clad children awaited for their square meals, and the noble helpers also longed to witness the remarkable spectacle. The baskets of provisions were distributed among 500 persons in the most Christian and generous way; but the feeding of the children was left for the 29th inst.

Behold the day of days! It was a delight to see a noble band of volunteers preparing and serving tables; it was a delight to see the whole plan conducted by the bishop, or otherwise Brigadier Turner, in a most commanding and philosophical way. In a moment the hall was filled by numerous half-clad and starving children, and the happy time went on in a gratifying way. The hall was bombarded by 600 children. A magic lantern lecture was given by my friend, Ensign Edwards, when the merry and joyful noise of the children was so great that I really thought that the roof was going to fall down. A short period before the arrival of Santa Claus was spent in singing and speaking. Everyone was split with laughter at the comical actions and sayings of the good old Santa Claus.

Credit must be given to him for his great talents for the occasion and natural imitations. The next process was the distribution of gifts that adorned and decorated the beautiful Christmas tree and the huge platform of No. I. It was a pleasure to see those smiling faces in receiving a useful gift and a bag of nuts. At last we were dismissed with the assurance of God's approval of the noble efforts of the Salvation Army. The standing in the frozen atmosphere by the pots became nothing when we realize the marvelous results.

O Lord, Revive Thy Work!

OUR hearts are indeed stirred to their very depths by the glorious present-day news of the outpouring of God's Holy Spirit; the awakening of sinners, and the harvest of souls which is being reaped both at home and abroad.

These tidings call forth our warmest gratitude to God, as well as appeal to us in a more emphatic way than ever, to rise to our opportunities, and "catch time by the forelock."

Echoes from the series of welcome meetings, extending over the past four Sundays, when seventy souls—fifty-two, twenty-eight, twelve, and eight souls respectively—have fallen at his feet, still ring in our ears, and make our pulse fly with a more ardent impulse to go for greater things yet.

During the week-nights also, God has visited the people. Some remarkable cases of conversion have been scored on the recording pages of heaven's diary.

Not alone in and around Toronto is the fire burning.

The welcome and glorious telegram from Winnipeg announcing forty-six souls for the other Sunday's reckoning, proves to us that God is indeed willing to honor the efforts of His children, whether laboring for Him east or west.

Our hearts cry out to Him for a mighty movement throughout the entire Dominion, which shall be as the shaking and bringing together of a great army from amongst the dry bones, and a breaking into every individual heart that

Living, Vital Breath of God,

before which no counterfeit can stand.

Already we hear the "sound of abundance of rain," and already, though perhaps dimly, to some eyes, there arises "the little cloud," which, as to the servant of the old-time prophet, only appears "like a man's hand."

But faith can see farther. It is God's hand, and there is no measure nor limitation to it. Hallelujah!

Surely this is abundantly manifest in the blessed reports that come to us from our comrades on the other side also. God is again honoring our dear General in the Old Country.

Not only are phenomenal crowds of people thronging to listen to his burning messages, but souls are being saved in large numbers.

On a recent Sunday, in the City of Manchester, the glorious total of 277 penitents were scored, and of these 176 walked to the stage during the night's battle, and publicly confessed Christ.

Whole families were amongst the number.

Our General's burning utterances from the Welsh battlefield of revival, which we reprint on page two of this number, form a stirring trumpet-call to the entire Army all the world over.

Not Human, But Divine.

Let it not be thought that the revival we desire, pray for, and expect, should necessarily be centred in one man.

The Chief of the Staff is striving to make this fact very potent, by the application of new measures, and the creation of manifold agencies, each destined to be a channel through which the divine current may flow unhindered. A large Provisional Staff has been appointed to work these supplementary efforts throughout the little principality of Wales, which, be it remembered, is for the most part a mining district.

In many towns the spirit of conviction and enquiry is so ardent that business is superceded, and the great business of the day is

How to be Converted.

Strong men are bowed in tears. Formerly blaspheming tongues are uttering the publican's prayer. Men, women, and children

are turning to and seeking the Lord in dead earnest.

Next week we propose to give some striking details of individual cases of conversion, as well as a sketch of the general effect of the revival, and how it broke out.

Hosts of our comrades are giving themselves up to prayer, and waiting upon God in expectancy and in obedience that He may indeed pour forth His Spirit upon the communities in which they labor.

Can we wonder, therefore, to hear that old grudges are being swept away; hidden sins dragged out, confessed, and atoned; long-standing debts being paid up; broken friendships cemented once more by Christ-love, and gladness and praise filling the valleys with songs of rejoicing?

Commissioner Booth-Tucker, who has just had a Sunday's Battle for Souls on the historic ground of Plymouth Congress Hall, won a glorious victory in the capture of seventy-three souls for the week-end.

Commander Eva Booth, at her first Sunday in the great Memorial Hall, New York, was also blessed with an ingathering of forty-three souls; whilst Commissioner and Mrs. Rees, at Stockholm, celebrated their entrance on to Swedish soil by a beautiful Sunday's labor resulting in forty Swedes at Jesus' feet.

From other parts of the world come also similar glad tidings of salvation. Surely a great tidal wave is near us—yea, ready to burst o'er our loved Dominion and Newfoundland.

Are we ready for it? Are we prepared for what it involves? Shall 1905 usher us into a far more widespread and sweeping revival

How the Fire Spreads.

Our comrades throughout the Welsh valleys are rejoicing in the wondrous out-pouring of the old-time revival spirit, and in both languages (Welsh and English) men and women are praising God for salvation.

At Porth there is a mighty awakening, the like of which has not been seen for years.

People are coming to God in families—meetings are going on night and day, both above and under ground.

In some cases men are so anxious about their soul's salvation that they are actually losing their turns at the pits, and stay and get saved.

Some soldiers who have been tongue-tied by the devil for years, are now breaking into praises, and losing their own self-consciousness under the power of the Holy Spirit.

Forty-three souls were brought in through this corps during one week.

Some desperate characters have been brought in. One man, a drunkard, threw his hat in the air and amid his tears and sobs exclaimed: "Oh, what a bad man I have been—my children at home without shoes! But now I give it to God."

At another corps, Barry Dock, influences of the revival wave are sweeping precious souls of many nationalities into Kingdom.

In one meeting a Russian, a Norwegian, and a Welshman all got saved.

At another a woman, who was a most desperate character, drinking, fighting, and window-smashing, surrendered to God.

The brother of two Norwegian Salvationists, who was also a drunkard, was amongst the captives on another occasion.

Another north country seaman, just on the eve of sailing for China, was converted on Sunday morning. He and the other converts stood throughout the open-air meeting which followed, in spite of a drenching rain.

At Treharris a man who was also saved in the open-air meetings, went home and sent back the barrel of beer he had just purchased.

At Treherbert an open-air meeting was conducted just after midnight; four converts,

than any year which is past and gone?

Shall we go in for it? Expect it? Plead and wrestle for it? Claim and receive it?

We are not straitened in God. The measureless possibilities which are in Him lie before us. He is waiting, watching to see if we will really come up to them, and unflinchingly launch ourselves upon His mighty torrent of irresistible love and power.

Come on, my comrades! Let us not be slack! To your rules! "Prove Me now, He says, if I will not open the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

Pray! Pray!! Pray!!!

Surely these striking events are a mighty call to earnest prayer—nay, more, to a real and deep soul-agony before God which shall spend itself in wrestling for a like torrent of revival spirit to fall upon the people of the Dominion, and bring about the conversion and reclamation of thousands of erring souls.

Ask God to use his own chosen means, and to work it out according to His own pattern and fashion.

Pray not once, or twice, or feebly, but pray without ceasing. Get a baptism of prayer. Let God lay the burden upon you as He did on Ezekiel of old, and remember He has appointed you to be an intercessor for the godless multitudes, who little or never pray for themselves.

This is your opportunity, comrades. Pray, pray, and the God who answered Elijah, and Moses, and Daniel, and Abraham, and Esther, will likewise answer you.

There shall be showers of blessing.

One a drunken backslider, surrendered to Jesus under the starry heavens at 12.30 a.m., and turned up next day to join the fighting forces.

A prayer meeting at 11 a.m. each day has been arranged between Salvationists, to pray for each other, and the spread of the revival flame.

At Williamstown, while the Sunday morning meeting was in progress, a man in the audience started to sob aloud. He surrendered to God, turned up at all the subsequent meetings, and was followed to the cross by another couple—man and wife.

At Cardiff III. the ordinary routine of the Sunday night meeting was interrupted by earnest and spontaneous prayer and praise breaking out all over the building. Eight souls were saved; the usual evening talk being dispensed with, so great and blessed was the prayer spirit.

Down in a Mine.

But not alone at meetings is God at work. Down in one of the coal mines, at his ordinary work, a Salvationist, filled with the Spirit, broke out into a glad song of praise. The men around him took it up, whilst a party of hauliers who were passing laughed derisively, but after they had passed the Spirit of God compelled them to return, and immediately a fervent prayer meeting ensued. Exhortation, prayer, and praise followed under the spirit's dictation, when presently the Salvationist asked all those who declared for Christ to raise aloft their safety lamps.

Immediately scores of lamps were uplifted, and again a chorus of praise echoed through the subterranean passages, reaching some of the farther corners with inspiring effect.

Reconciliation.

At Aberavon, two women who had not spoken to one another for months, met at the mercy seat, and were reconciled.

The Spirit of Prayer.

At Canton people rose up in a meeting begging for prayer for unsaved relatives. The spirit of intercession became so general that the whole meeting was given up to it, while simultaneously eight men and women knelt at the mercy seat, and cried for pardon.

A SKEIN OF SILK.

By W. C. Kitchin.

The silk-worm and its food-plant, the white mulberry tree, are both natives of Eastern Asia. As in the cultivation of tea, so also in the manufacture of silk, it is to the semi-mythological legends of China that we must look for the earliest records. About 2,600 B.C., the Empress Lui Tsu is said to have raised silk-worms and to have woven fabrics out of their webs. This account may not have much historical value, yet it is true that, under the name of Yuenn, Lui Tsu has for centuries been worshipped as the patron goddess of silk culture, and that annually the empress of China still offers sacrifice to her at the beginning of the silk season. This tradition, and the religious observances connected with it, establish the fact that the use of silk among the Chinese goes back to a very remote antiquity.

From the earliest ages of authentic history, silk has constituted a most important article of commerce, and the industry of silk-raising has gradually spread from its native seat eastward into Corea and Japan, southward into India, and westward into central and Mediterranean Asia and into Europe. All are familiar with the stories that connect the introduction of silk-worms into the west and the promotion of silk-raising with the names of Alexander the Great and Aristotle, with the Roman Emperor Justinian, with King Roger II. of Sicily, with Henry IV. of France, and with Frederick the Great of Prussia. Ever since the days of Roman commerce with China, raw silk and silken fabrics have formed the principal exports of the two great nations of the farthest East. At the present time, it is the silk trade, more than anything else, that forms the corner-stone of the prosperity of the millions of China and Japan, and, in its ever-increasing importance, it promises to be in the future the chief source of their national well-being.

The reason for the important part that silk plays in the commercial world are plain. No other textile fabric combines to such a degree the qualities of warmth, lightness, strength, durability, fineness, and beauty. These characteristics have given it a position to which its rivals—cotton, wool, and linen—can never hope to attain. In the days of the later Roman Empire, silk was worth its weight in gold, and its value was almost as great throughout the Middle Ages and down to the time when silk-raising became firmly established in Europe. The causes for its expensiveness were the difficulties of transportation from its native East, and the peculiar risks to which, under the most favorable conditions, silk-raising is necessarily exposed. The production of other textile fabrics is comparatively simple, calling for no very laborious attention, and subject to very serious uncertainties. But with silk it is different. It is the product of a little worm, exceedingly choicer in its food, delicate in its constitution, needing constant and judicious care, liable to various diseases, to parasites, and to injury and destruction from a host of deleterious influences that must be warded off by the skill and vigilance of those who are its keepers. Some idea of the risk to which this industry is subject can be gathered from a study of silk culture as pursued in Japan.

The introduction of silk-worms in Japan is said to have taken place in the second half of the third century of our era. The tradition is that Korean and Chinese immigrants brought them over from the continent, and first taught the Japanese their use. The silk industry, it will thus be noted, obtained a footing and spread through the island-empires contemporaneously with tea-culture and Buddhism, and like these, through the agency of Japan's nearest neighbors. The Japanese peasantry, however, have a pretty legend that gives an altogether different account of the affair. According to it, a beautiful princess of India was placed in the hollow trunk of a mulberry tree by her cruel stepmother and sent adrift upon the sea. The gods, in compassion, caused the floating trunk with its precious burden to be borne by wind and wave northward to their well-beloved Japan. The princess was driven upon the coast of Hitachi, where the people of Toyo-Ura received her kindly. Here the tree took root and grew and multiplied until Hitachi was filled with mulberry groves, and upon the death of the beautiful princess, the gods, to reward the hospitality of the people, changed her body into a silk-worm. And from the transformed Indian princess and her mulberry tree boat has sprung the silk industry of Japan.

(To be continued.)

YOUNG PEOPLES PAGE

HOW ANIMALS AND INSECTS MIGRATE.

The fable of the country mouse and the town mouse has a foundation in fact. Mice occasionally migrate in large numbers when food grows scarce, and travel considerable distances to fresh houses. Farmers in a part of Northamptonshire had a good reason to become aware of this fact when, a couple of years ago, vast swarms of mice invaded their corn-fields at harvest time.

But the mouse only travels when it has to. The rat, on the contrary, seems to take a yearly outing, in very much the same fashion as do human beings. Rats are the most migratory creatures in the world. Whole troops of rats leave the towns at the end of the summer, and spend a month or two in the country, apparently in order to enjoy the change of food which the country affords at that time of the year in the way of fresh fruit and grain. Before the cold weather sets in they are all back in their old quarters.

Reindeer migrate with the same regularity as swallows. They move south when the winter sets in, but as soon as ever the snow begins to melt they travel steadily north, sometimes for as much as a thousand miles.

To end a holiday by deliberate suicide is so strange a phenomenon that for a long time naturalists looked upon the stories of the migration of the lemmings as an improbable fiction. Yet the facts are beyond dispute. At irregular intervals these rat-like creatures start out from their homes in the fastnesses of Northern Scandinavia in huge droves, numbering tens of thousands, and travel steadily southward. Death pursues them in a hundred forms. Hawks and other birds of prey hover above them. Foxes, wolves, and man, decimate them. Thousands are drowned in rivers. Yet the rest struggle on until they reach the sea. They do not stop. They plunge in, swim out, and struggle on until at last their strength fails, and they drown. Not one ever returns from this journey of death.

This extraordinary migration of the lemmings has long been a puzzle to naturalists. One curious explanation that has been offered is that the little beasts, stimulated by inherited instinct, are striving to reach long-lost winter quarters in the lost Continent of Atlantis, which now lies deep buried beneath the waters of the Atlantic Ocean.

Who would dream of a crab traveling any considerable distance? Yet recent investigation shows that crabs go right out to sea in winter, and only come in to shore again when spring returns. At Beadnell, near the Ferne Islands, 124 marked crabs were liberated in October, 1902. Twelve have since been re-caught. One of these was picked up less than a year later only seven miles south of Aberdeen.

If it were not for the migration of fish, our food supply would suffer severely. Each year the herrings come down from the unknown North past our coasts, and are caught in their millions. Curiously enough, during the past few years the schools have been taking each year more and more northerly tracks, and there is a great discussion as to whether they are permanently altering their route.

Salmon, of course, go up our rivers every year to lay their eggs. The sea-trout, the sturgeon, the sea-lamprey, and the eel all act in the same fashion.

Insects, too, migrate at times in immense numbers. Every year, during the month of June, the dwellers in Panama see vast flights of butterflies move across the isthmus from east to west. If a wind rises, whole flights are blown out to sea, and drowned in millions.

Ants of some kinds are tremendous travelers. In Africa, when the drivers ants bear down upon a village, the negroes run for their lives.

The violet junco of the West Indies usually resides inland; but, once a year it travels down in clanking armies to the sea.

INTERESTING INFORMATION ABOUT OCEAN LINERS.

Cargoes of Ocean Steamships.—(Continued.)

It is a mistake to suppose that the fast ships carry but a mite in the way of cargo. The passenger traffic, of course, is the feature most familiar to the general public; but at the same time, freight is of very great importance. Fast boats carry quality in merchandise rather than quantity. Every time the St. Paul or the St. Louis, for instance, leaves port, the actual value of either boat is far in excess of the much larger cargo of one of the regular freight boats in the "accommodation" class, which carry a huge cargo as well as a great number of passengers. Stevedores call the cargo of the fast boats "tooth-pick" cargoes, because of the vast number of small packages, in contradistinction to bulky

packages, like cotton bales and hogheads, which swell the loads in smaller ships. Express steamers, like express trains, generally get what they call "hurry trade." They get perishable goods, such as dressed beef and provisions, together with manufactured articles of high-grade typewriters, sewing machines, etc., upon which shippers can afford to pay fast freight rates. Specie in gold, silver, as well as bullion, form a part of the cargo of almost every ship of the "greyhound" class leaving port. So that a ship's captain, outward bound, or inward bound for that matter, with any of the faster boats, may hold in the hollow of his hand, as it were, property to the value of many millions—threes or four millions being the value of the ship itself, a million more for the cargo, and still another million in specie.

PICKED PARAGRAPHS.

Tibet obtains tea from China compressed into briks.

Butter of a blue tint is made from the milk obtained from the native cow of India.

Toothbrushes are to be supplied in future by the Government of India to all British soldiers serving in that country.

A pigeon's nest made entirely of hairpins has just been found on the front of the National Provincial Bank in Piccadilly.

Rain falls more frequently between three o'clock and eight o'clock in the morning than at any other time during the twenty-four hours.

In Lapland the crime which is punished most severely, next to murder, is the marrying of a girl against the express wish of her parents.

Soldiers in the army of Argentina are compelled to play football.

Nearly the entire output of radium is now obtained from American ores.

All new schools in Switzerland have a portion of the ground floor appropriated for baths.

Japan is a nation of gardeners. Every man, woman, and child is passionately fond of flowers. Gardening is a religion.

There is a grave-digging school in Brussels, and all candidates for the post of sexton in Belgium to be eligible must have graduated from this school.

A census recently taken of the horses of Paris shows that while the Palais Royal quarter has 13,600 inhabitants, it accommodates 20,600 horses.

The French Post Office Department has excluded mourning envelopes from the mails for the reason that they can be opened without much chance of detection.

Farthing packets of tea are being sold throughout India by growers, who have at last recognized that they have an immense market at their door.

France only gained 44,613 in population from 1890 to 1900, while New York City alone, in the same period, gained 944,611, or 500,000 more in population.

Greece is only a small spot on the world's map, but she produces more and better currants than any other country. The last crop amounted to 250,000,000 pounds.

An odd-looking turtle has been captured at Burlington, Vt. Its shell is soft, its back is spotted, its head is like that of a serpent, and its fins resemble those of a fish.

The railway traveler in India buys a first, second, or third-class ticket; or, if he wishes to travel cheaper still, he can get a ticket entitling him to stand on the platform only.

A dentist comes forward with the suggestion that casts should be taken of prisoners' mouths as a means of identification. He claims that the mouths of no two people are alike.

People who sneeze should, as a necessary sanitary precaution, be isolated at least forty feet. The annual report of a Government Board of England states that there is a grave danger of influenza infection to anyone being within forty feet of a person sneezing.

A church of solid coral is a curiosity of the Isle of Mahe. This island, rising to 3,000 feet, is the highest of the Seychelles group in the Indian Ocean, and its buildings are all of square blocks hewn from massive coral and glistening like white marble.

In order to obviate the frequent disputes as to the ages of children, the steamship authorities in Switzerland have decided that in every case where doubt arises the child must be measured. All children under two feet are to have free passage, and those between two and four feet are to pay half fare.

It is estimated that the total area for farming purposes in the United States is 841,000,000 acres—an area larger than England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, France, Germany, Austria, Spain, Japan, and the Transvaal. There are 10,482,000 persons engaged in agricultural pursuits, while all other industries employ but 18,742,000.

FAITH HEALING.

Extracts from a Pamphlet by the General, Issued for the Guidance of Army Officers.

4.—Sickness and the Atonement. (Continued.)

Here let me remind you that I am not raising any questions about the power of Christ to heal the sick, and His willingness to do so, when He sees it to be in harmony with His purposes. I have no doubt whatever that He accomplishes great works of healing among the people, with and without means.

What I am trying to show you is that it is not true to say that He has promised us freedom from diseases in the same sense that He has promised freedom from sin. That, I say, is an error which cannot be set forth amongst us.

♦ ♦ ♦

But does not St. Matthew say, quoting from the Prophet Isaiah, that "He (Jesus) Himself bare our sicknesses"? Yes, he does; but that does not prove that Christ bought the healing of all our physical diseases, or that He has purchased for His people deliverance from all physical pain, any more than it teaches that He obtained for us, by His death, exemption from all other consequences of sin.

Let us read the whole passage carefully. The exact words are: "That it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the Prophet, Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses."

♦ ♦ ♦

Now, if it be contended by those who teach the doctrine in question, that the bearing of our sicknesses here referred to means the entire taking away of all disease, and sickness, and pain from the bodies of His people, it must mean also that He took our infirmities as well. That is to say that not only diseases of the body, but the infirmities of judgment, weaknesses of mind and will, failures of memory, loss of courage, undue sensitiveness to pain, shrinking from affliction, and, indeed all the other infirmities of our nature, were, on this theory, "borne away for us by Jesus in His own body on the tree."

♦ ♦ ♦

It is impossible—nay, it is dishonest—to separate the words of God so as to use here and there a part of a passage to support a view which is out of harmony with the whole; and if one part of this verse is to be made to teach that Christ bore away all pain, all suffering and bodily affliction, then the other part of it must be taken to prove that He bore away all weakness, all error, all infirmity.

♦ ♦ ♦

That would imply that no true follower of Christ, who trusted in Him, would be liable to make any mistake, for to err is an infirmity of the human mind.

It would imply that there could be no more errors of judgment. The Believing Judge could not give a wrong judgment! The Believing Doctor could never arrive at a wrong diagnosis of disease! The Believing Minister could never fall into an error of doctrine! The Believing Merchant could never make a mistake in his business. The Believing Servant could never fall into blunders in his or her work.

It would imply that there could be no more failures of memory and shortcomings of wisdom in the true saint. To forget an appointment or an address, or to choose a slow train when it would have been better to take a fast one, or to buy a cotton cloak when it would have been wiser to buy a woollen one, would all become signs that we were not living entirely in the favor of God; that Jesus was not our full Saviour!

♦ ♦ ♦

Such teaching has only to be stated to make its absurdity manifest. It is the very opposite to the teaching of the Bible, which

proves in a thousand ways that one of the chief glories of the Gospel is that it triumphs in spite of human weakness: "We have this treasure," says Paul, "in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God and not of us;" and "though our outward man perish, the inward man is renewed day by day."

It is grace, shining through the poor, weak, and infirm perishing earthen frame that really brings the glory to the Divine Giver.

♦ ♦ ♦

What is meant by "our sicknesses"? The greatest of all the ills that flesh is heir to is decay. It is decay in some form or other which is at the root of a large part of the diseases of mankind.

Blindness is the decay of the nerves of sight.

Deafness is the decay of the nerves of hearing.

Lunacy is the decay of the brain-tissues.

Paralysis is the decay of certain nerve-centres.

Apoplexy is the decay, gradual or sudden, of the little vessels on the outside of the brain.

Heart-disease is the decay of the valves of the heart.

Consumption is the gradual decay of the cells and tissues of the lungs.

Blood-diseases are the result of the decay of certain minute parts of the blood (called corpuscles).

Cancer is the decay of certain fleshy or bony tissues, which, as they decay, infect and destroy others around them, and so on, and so on.

♦ ♦ ♦

All life is decay. Man is no sooner born—nay, often before he begins to draw the vital air—than the process of decay begins. Is it suggested that Jesus Christ saves His people from the decay of their natural powers? We have never heard it before, except in the cases of extreme fanatics, who have proposed, therefore, to live without the support of food, and other natural means, on the ground that, as Christ saved them from decay, they no longer needed food to provide against it.

Of what use, then, is it to talk of being saved from sicknesses, if decay, the chief root of sickness, is still with us?

♦ ♦ ♦

But bodies without sickness, without suffering, and without decay, would never die. Only a few, even of those who have professed to claim the redemption of the body in this life, have dared to announce freedom from death.

And yet it seems rational to do so, if it be once admitted that salvation from sickness and decay is a part of the redemption. Indeed, I can see no difference in principle between the two claims. If the redemption of the soul means anything at all, it means the deliverance of the soul from death; and when the redemption of the body in this life is talked about, it leads in reality to the theory of its deliverance from sickness, decay, and death.

♦ ♦ ♦

And what a great error is here! How opposite to the teaching of Christ, who expressly foretold His people's death! How far from the lessons of the epistles, which again and again allude to death as giving the final witness to a life of faith and obedience, and teach that in the humiliation and agony of death we are only following Christ to a life of joy and victory beyond.

♦ ♦ ♦

Remember Paul's wonderful words to the Corinthians about the body and the burial of the saints. "It" (the body), he says, "is sown in corruption," that is, in a state of degradation and putrefaction, the culmination of years of decay; "it is raised in incorruption," that is, changed into the new body after the likeness of Christ. "It is sown in dishonor," that is, humiliated because of sin, and stripped of life, and health, and beauty;

"it is raised in glory," that is, in beauty and health. "It is sown in weakness," that is, disease, decay, and death have triumphed over it; "it is raised in power," to be no more liable to weakness, to sickness, to decay, or death.

Why all this? Why was not the glory, and the beauty, and the health, and the endless life bestowed on it here? Listen to his answer—it settles many controversies: "Now, this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the Kingdom of God, neither doth corruption inherit incorruption."

Soldiers Courageous.

In Upper Egypt, while we in this country are, maybe, putting up our collars and blowing through our fingers, our comrades of the Naval and Military League are grateful for anything in the nature of a breeze.

Christmas in Cairo is a vastly different thing from Christmas in the country of one's birth, as many a Naval and Military Leaguer can testify.

Here is a simple letter received by the Secretary of the Naval and Military League: "My Dear Leader,—I have much pleasure in forwarding you the monthly return of the Cairo Branch of the Naval and Military League. God has blessed me in my work far more abundantly than I can serve. On being appointed Brigade Sergeant I looked up all the Leaguers. I got a night regularly set apart for our League service, which is a very bright one. We assemble on Monday nights and have a combined soldiers' meeting and prayer rally. To-night we had an excellent time, during which a backslider was restored to God.

"I was just a little discouraged because Brother Ringrose had not given me a decided answer whether he would throw in his lot with us. Just as our meeting began he came in, and, to my delight, handed me his papers and subscription. You may imagine the stir we have created by the fact that the Cairo Garrison have given us the name of the "Glory Boys." The Singing Band of the Royal Inniskillen Fusiliers is well worth hearing. You are aware probably that our barracks is some distance from town. So we have to use the trams, upon which we sing some good Salvation Army songs, with swinging choruses. We are the wonder of the place. Some say that we are mad!

"You will be glad to hear that I have had the joy of leading three more of my comrades to Jesus, and I am believing for others. By this mail I am sending you the names of seven new Leaguers. I am glad to assure you that my fellow-Leaguers are cut-and-cut for God. None of the lads use tobacco in any form. I am sending to the Trade Department for War Crys, Social Gazettes, and Guides.

"Please let me have more Articles of War forms; they are wanted for several of the lads who have been converted in our meetings. Our open-hires are exceptionally good; for an hour and a-half 150 to 200 men listen attentively to the good tidings of salvation. Only two or three weeks ago the Spirit of God took hold of one of the biggest blackguards in his regiment. He came to our after-meeting avowedly to scoff at religion. Though he came to laugh, he remained to pray. He fell upon his knees and confessed his great wrongdoing. In our little room on Tuesday nights we get an average attendance of forty unconverted men. On one occasion a corporal, who poked fun at us, found himself crying like a child before he left. We hope to have a room for meetings in town within a month.

"In addition to the names sent, three comrades of the Rifles have surrendered themselves to God. Please keep me informed of your wishes, for I feel quite unequal to my responsible work at times. I thank you for your kind letter, and request you to pray that God may guide and help us to obtain complete victory over the powers of darkness.—I remain, together with my fellow-Leaguers, yours gladly in His service under the colors,

Lance-Corporal Dodgers.
The Citadel, Cairo.

WAR CRY

PRINTED FOR THEOSIS B. COOMBS, Commissioner of the Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland, Bremen, the North-Western Provinces of America, and Alaska, by the Salvation Army Printing House, 28 Albert Street, Toronto.

All subscriptions to be written in ink or by typewriter, and on ONE side of the paper only. No correspondence will be received in regard to the price of the paper. All communications referring to the contents of THE WAR CRY, contributions for publication in it, or to any inquiries about it, or matter relating to the Commissioner, should be addressed to THE WAR CRY, 28 Albert Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. All Cheques, Post Office and Express Orders should be made payable to THEOSIS B. COOMBS.

Editorial.

SIGNS OF ABUNDANCE OF RAIN.

The hallowed results of the seasons of revivals in past years are among our most pleasant memories and cause us to long again for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit. The Commissioner has sounded the right blast in his bugle call. Quick response comes from our heart. Already the clouds are gathering and the first droppings of an abundance of a downpour of salvation have been felt at the Centre. The Watchnight and New Year's campaign of the Commissioner resulted in 165 souls at the cross. We praise God for His gracious visitation, and take it as a promise of the showers to come. Oh, for a downpour! Let our prayers wrench loose the floodgates of heaven, that a mighty revival flood may sweep across the entire Territory, carrying upon its wave hundreds and thousands of souls into the Kingdom. For this we believe, for this we pray, for this we must work.

COMRADES NEW AND OLD.

Staff-Capt. Mrs. Simcoe has been again appointed by the General for service in Canada, and will for the present be attached to the Territorial Headquarters Staff. She received a very cordial welcome from many of her old friends. All the dear comrades who fought with her in the days gone by will, I am sure, pray that she may again, be mightily used of God.

Still another comrade comes to us from the land of the Army's birth. The British Cry says: "Major and Mrs. Charlie Taylor have been appointed to the oversight of the Training Homes in Toronto, Canada." We hail the appointment with pleasure. The Major's long experience in connection with the International Training Homes, and his subsequent commands of some of the largest British Divisions, mark him out as suitable for the important position to which the General has appointed him. Everybody pray that he and his dear wife and family may have a splendid voyage to our dear land, and be mightily used of God.

THE CHRISTMAS WAR CRY.

Our special holiday number has been a distinct success, reaching a circulation of seventy thousand copies. For a Territory of such vast extent with such a small population, of which nearly one-third speak French, this is a distinct achievement worthy of all recognition. We cannot too highly praise the pluck and toil of our officers and soldiers who pushed its sales.

But if we can about double the War Cry circulation when its price is raised to 10 cts., why could we not achieve a permanent increase of the weekly circulation? Does it not materially aid our all-important efforts for the salvation of men, and should it not considerably help to spread the revival fire, in enthusing thousands with a holy zeal,

as well as preach salvation directly to the hearts of sinners? Why should we not have a permanent circulation of fifty thousand copies? It is quite within possibility to reach that mark, if every officer will put his shoulder to the War Cry chariot and give it a push forward. Now is the time to strike!

Important Notice.

The Commissioner is anxious to be put at once into communication with soldiers, recruits, and converts who live in places where no Army is located, and who, for any reason, are not attached to a corps. Will those comrades kindly write at once to Commissioner Coombs, S. A. Temple, Toronto, marking on the envelope "Unattached."

Anyone knowing of soldiers who do not belong to a corps are kindly requested to inform such of this notice, and send a line to the Commissioner at the same time.

Pars. About the Commissioner's Watch-Night

And New Year's Day Campaign.

Earnestness and expectancy seemed to pervade the spiritual atmosphere.

The great crowds of people had gathered apparently prepared to witness, if not to share in, an unusual outpouring of blessing.

The Commissioner struck a decided and uncompromising line of thought in his first Bible reading, when he insisted that no man, woman, or child would be sent to hell for Adam's sin.

Individual responsibility was brought home with overwhelming precision.

Your own, and nobody else's, sins are what you have to answer for.

The picture in the parable which follows, of Mercy pleading beside Justice for another chance to be given to the unfruitful fig tree, was brought home to the backslider with telling power.

But the climax of infinite compassion, patience, and mercy was shown in the text chosen.

"He fainteth not, neither is weary."

Broken vows, sacred promises unkept, covenants unfulfilled were unflinchingly charged home to the conscience.

Unfaithfulness in witness for Christ.

Unfaithfulness in relation to other comrades.

Unfaithfulness in personal life and conduct.

Danger signals were exposed: to the sinner who, though oft reproved, hardeneth his heart; to the backslider; to the unsanctified believer.

And then the tenderness and matchless longsuffering of the Saviour, "who faileth not, neither is weary," was shown in the very fact of His long waiting.

No sooner was the invitation given than a calm, steady, deliberate response began from all parts of the crowded auditorium.

It was as though these men—young, middle-aged, and some few elderly—were taken hold of the unseen hand and impulse and surrendered themselves unreservedly to His call.

Eternity alone will reveal the solemn purposes sealed and ratified by divine covenant, which were entered into in those closing moments of 1904.

It was indeed a sacred hour—a symbol, dare we not suggest, of greater baptisms, more wondrous and far-reaching blessings, mighty victories for the cross and the colors, a foretaste of the sweeping revival for which Commissioner is urging us on to pray, wrestle, believe for and realize in 1905.

Let every corps, from East to West

throughout the Dominion, rise up and claim it, in the name of Jesus.

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New Year's Day at Lippincott a red-letter day!

A soul-saving day!

A fetter-breaking day!

Oh, what scenes of transformation were wrought! what a burying of past sins, what a resurrection of joy and gladness! Morning, noon, and night, the same burning passion for souls possessed the Commissioner and dear Mrs. Coombs and Staff.

Nor were they disappointed.

Surely the beginnings of a mighty sweeping revival are with us.

God is listening to the united cries of His children. Before Him like a cloud is mounting the sweet incense of their intercession. The droppings of the shower are evident in our midst. Oh, for an unprecedented avalanche of blessing and salvation! It must come. It will come. Look out for it. Prepare for it. Amongst the children as well as the up-grown people it is needed.

All must be claimed for God. As the Commissioner said in the opening of his evening address: "We must not be satisfied with the tens, twenties, thirties, forties, fifties; no, nor even the hundreds; we must have souls by the thousand for Christ."

And then he gave us the key, the never-failing medium and method by which alone such results can be obtained. "Christ is the way to the Father's heart," he said, and it seems to us we were within 'hose closed doors of the upper room in Jerusalem, when Christ was quietly talking to His disciples, that last, long, heart-talk before He suffered, and once again we heard Him say:

"Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My name, He will give it you."

"Hitherto ye have asked nothing in My name; ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full."

And surely the receiving has already begun in the total of one hundred and sixty-four souls, which the Lord graciously gave our dear Commissioner in those closing and opening hours of 1904 and 1905.

Glory to His name!—N. S.

TELEGRAPH NEWSLETTER

Hundreds of Christmas baskets have gone out to poor families in the Queen City, and at the moment of writing a large number of poor children are being gathered to give them a good New Year's dinner in the large Temple auditorium.

Ensign T. Bloss writes thus from Fever-shant: "We had a great time here last night. About 11:30 we were aroused by a woman shouting fire! The mill was blazing, which is just across from the barracks. It was an immense frame building, and, unfortunately, there was no fire-engine. We had to carry pails of water from the creek and pour on other buildings, to keep them from becoming ignited. We thought for sure our building was going, and Lieut. Layman ran upstairs and packed his trunk. There was a farmer's barn on fire just about a quarter of a mile down the road caused by the sparks dropping on it, and I ran down and put it out, before it got any further headway. Capt. Richardson worked like a hero. I tell you, we had a picnic. The loss will amount to \$10,000."

The inmates at the Spokane Rescue Home and Maternity Home consists of eleven girls and thirteen babies and four officers. God is blessing the efforts of the Rescue Staff. A number of the girls now in the Home are converted.

Business is increasing at the Haven, Spokane. They have been compelled recent'y to put in seven new beds, but still that unique sign "Full up" is the first thing to meet your eyes when entering the Haven office. During the past five weeks 210 men have been given employment in the woodyard there, and lodging has been supplied to 1,665. A number have been converted and are doing well.

The Glorious Record of Twenty-Four Hours.

The Commissioner Conducts United Watch-Night Service at the Temple, a New Year's Day Campaign at Lippincott, and Visits the Central Prison—One Hundred and Sixty-four Souls Begin 1905 with Jesus.

FROM Saturday night, 10,30, to Sunday night, 10,30, the Commissioner conducted one of the most blessed series of soul-saving and inspiring meetings, including five services in twenty-four hours, which would be a very heavy demand upon the strength of men much more robust than Commissioner Coombs. This campaign included a watchnight service at the Temple, three meetings at Lippincott Street, and one service at the Central Prison, wedged in between the holiness and afternoon meetings.

The crowds were all that could be desired, and many were unable to gain entrance on Sunday night. The spirit of the meetings was one of expectation, enthusiasm, and unity. The result was 164 souls, mostly for salvation, and including vastly different classes. Among the prisoners were drunkards, wife-deserters, several representatives of what is termed the very respectable class, some children of varying ages, backsliders of long standing, strong men, and broken-hearted women.

A Good Beginning.

The audience which collected on watchnight at the Temple was a surprise to many. The large hall was completely filled; there was not one vacant seat, and even standing-room was brought into requisition, and the crowd overflowed and filled the gallery. The air was electric with expectancy; beaming faces marked the happy possessors of a happy religion, while a large percentage of earnest and concerned countenances betokened the fact that many had come there to find strength for the battle of 1905, or salvation from sin that had blighted the passing year.

"Lord, through the blood of the Lamb that was slain."

opened the meeting and was lifted up by hundreds of voices and praying hearts.

Brigadier Smeeton and the Commissioner then led us in prayer. Faith rose impetuously and claimed the Spirit's unction.

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire made an impassioned appeal to the unsaved, and especially the backsliders.

The Commissioner's address was one of sublime simplicity, as one of our old soldiers expressed it. All could understand, and could feel it with the influence of the Spirit of Him, whose compassion is ever toward man.

There was a quick response when the pool was opened. They came from all parts. Here a young man near the front almost runs forward and throws himself, sobbing, onto his knees; there a young woman is led by a Cadet to the mercy seat; from the back an aged drunkard staggers out, and again one who has held positions of influence in society and business is persuaded to seek the salvation of our God as a remedy from his besetting sin. They came an almost unbroken stream until fifty-six were registered in the anti-room, and we closed in the early hour of the New Year.—B. F.

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Lippincott's Gala Day.

The New Year's visit of the Commissioner to the old No. II. corps of the Queen City was an occasion of great anticipation, intensified after the success of the united watchnight service.

A good crowd of old and new friends, saints and sinners, had gathered in the morning to hear the messages of God from the lips of our consecrated Commissioner.

The door leading from the quarters opens. "Here he is," whispered someone. In a moment the audience rises to its feet to greet him. "Oh, no; it isn't him!" No, not this time, but we soon gave a real old-time welcome to our dear Commissioner, Mrs. Coombs, and family, as they came forward to the platform.

Our leader is in for business. No further time can be afforded for useless display. He longs to get some souls saved and sanctified. Colonel Jacobs lines out the old song, "Oh, pour it in my soul," and everybody sings, except, of course, the bandsmen, whose music lends volume to the singing. "Oh, pour it in my soul," was sung over and over again, until hearts' doors were swinging open wide and the rich blessings from our Heavenly Father filled and flooded us.

The Commissioner in a powerful and eloquent appeal delivered an address on holiness, upheld by the Almighty power of God, and spurred on by the passion which possesses his soul he delivered revealing truths to all hearts. Soldiers were inspired to do better and wax more valiant in the fight, lukewarm Christians saw their coldness, and sinners felt their need of this grand salvation.

Soon we are into the prayer meeting. Ah, here is the part which cheers us. They come—bandsmen, soldiers, Christians, and sinners, old and young—to have their needs supplied. Glory to God! In Him is all fulness. The penitent form is filling, and at the close we count eighteen dear souls consecrated to the divine will. While Colonel Pugmire takes the reins of the prayer meeting the Commissioner goes out to do some fishing. He led to the penitent form two dear little boys, weeping as though their hearts would break. God bless the children. Jesus was there and met with them and pardoned them.

We bless God for this feast from heaven and look up in faith to Him for even better things in the afternoon and night.

A bandsman who was among the seekers for full salvation, remarked to the writer after the meeting, "It was the most refreshing and blessed meeting I ever attended."—S. C.

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At the Central Prison.

The time between the morning and the afternoon meetings in the S. A. on a Sunday is never very long. The Commissioner managed to make the journey to the Central Prison, conduct a meeting with the men incarcerated there, and return before the meeting had far advanced.

The meeting with the prisoners was a hallowed time. Our God gave the Commissioner the right message for those men, who sat drinking in his words like thirsty travelers in the desert of sin and spiritual waste. When the request was made for those who would seek the salvation of God to stand on their feet sixty-two rose. It was a sight to move one to tears. The Commissioner prayed for the men, and Brigadier Archibald and Adj't. Fraser afterwards visited the men to deal personally with each one.

At Lippincott the meeting had progressed in the meantime very nicely. Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire sang a solo or two and led a spirited testimony meeting. The Commissioner arrived, jumped on the platform, and started to talk whil: he was pulling off his overcoat. In a twinkle he had gripped his hearers, and gave us a Bible reading from a portion of the Bible well-favored by him, namely, the Psalms. Praise and exhortation went together. The crowds stayed right through the meeting, and a number of seekers came forward. One man especially was in great anguish, and determined not to rise from his knees until the victory was complete. He knew God demanded certain restitutions within his power to make. He finally surrendered completely, and we trust will carry out, by the grace of God, the vows made then and there.

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Winding Up on Top.

The crowd at night was great. Not only was the building packed shortly after opening with song, but many had to turn away again,

and then the crowd stayed right through the prayer meeting. Those who left were soon replaced by others crowding in. It was impossible to do much fishing for the press of the people.

The Commissioner again went straight for the sinner. The salvation of God, the mercy of Jesus, the opportunity to secure a title for heaven were the salient points of his talk. And the people listened and heeded. The prayer meeting battle opened, and a young man from the front seat was the first to drop forward onto the penitent form.

A young married couple, one or two juniors, an old man, several women—on they come, some pushing forward, others led by fishers. Among the seekers were three Newfoundlanders, who went about it in their whole-souled fashion. They don't believe in doing things in the corner. They weep, and cry, and pray mightily until assurance comes. When it comes there is a shout of glory in the camp. So it was that night. While singing, shouting, and praying, mingled in a sweet confusion that must be sweet music to the angels, other men and women sought and found Jesus. One dear man came while the doxology was being sung.

When we counted the spoil at the conclusion, we rejoiced that within twenty-four hours one hundred and sixty-four souls had risen into newness of life, beginning 1905 with Jesus. —Ed.

The Commissioners Booth-Hellberg

LETTER FROM THE GENERAL.

A Warm Tribute to Their Work.

As we have already announced in our columns, Commissioner and Mrs. Booth-Hellberg have very reluctantly been compelled to go on furlough on account of the continued ill-health of the Commissioner. Writing to the Swiss War Crys on the occasion of their farewell, the General says:

"During their command progress was made in every department, substantial improvements were being effected, increases in officers and soldiers were reported, important developments in Social Work were commenced, while loving confidence in both Commissioners was every day being strengthened. Taken altogether, the aspect of affairs justified sanguine expectations for the future.

"In the midst of this gratifying advance the sudden illness of the Commissioner necessitated the suspension of his labors. His dear wife fought hard at the difficult task of filling his place, and officers of all ranks redoubled their diligence in the discharge of their duty in order to make up for the loss suffered by the absence of their leader. Recovery, however, came so slowly that in the interests of the Territory, no less than in that of the Commissioner himself, it was deemed wisest and best that he should have a perfect and protracted rest, which necessitated the appointment of another officer in his place.

"To say that I deeply regret this is only what you would expect from me; and to say further that it has been deplored by our own dear people all over Switzerland is only voicing what you know better than I do myself.

"But we must hope on. In the place chosen for the Commissioner's retirement there will be every condition favorable to his respiration; and we will all follow him to his temporary exile with prayers to our Heavenly Father, and faith and hope for his complete recovery.

"You will also, I am sure, join me in praying that his precious wife may be comforted and supported in the great trial which the providence of God has thus permitted to overtake her."

Commissioner David Rees.

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

By Brigadier Complin, International T. H. Staff.

(Continued.)

"Never Off Duty."

While here at the International Training Homes he has seemed ubiquitous. The chief officer of the Women's Home testified recently, "He seems never to be off duty." In times of pressure he works later and rises earlier.

Lack of space forbids following further this interesting side of the Commissioner's character, except to say that his early rising, hard work, energy, capacity to plod on, and fertility of resource would force him to the front anywhere.

I must speak now of the other essential for officership, namely, being controlled by the Spirit of Christ.

When he was twenty-four years of age the great character-constructing, destiny-cheating miracle of regeneration took place in him.

It occurred thus: Reading was in the throes of a mighty revival of religion. The General had sent two lassies to conduct meetings in an old boat-shed.

Their message was a message of truth at white heat. Multitudes of people were converted, every convert immediately dropped his drinking habits. The publicans and brewers took fright, and the old Ephesian cry was heard, "Our craft is in danger."

They excelled the Army from the old boat-house. Then the Army rallied and did the campaigning in the open air, assembling seven hundred strong.

The bitter winter weather drove hundreds to the churches, but among the permanent products for the Army of the revival was David Rees.

He had been attracted by the open-air meeting, followed to the hall, and one night, with one hundred and thirty others, he passed up to the penitent form, and "from death unto life." He says he was not "molley coddled" into the Kingdom but that the lassie officer drove him to utter self-despair. She made him feel he was the worst sinner on earth, and if he did not cry quickly for mercy he would be eternally lost.

He sought mercy whole-heartedly, and bounded into life.

Full salvation and the call for officership followed in the wake of conversion.

With regard to the call, he had a test, indeed.

His mother was an invalid and a widow. His father died when he was only four years of age, leaving seven children to be supported.

A Brave Boy.

David was well named, because he had the heart of a man when he was a boy. When twelve years of age, when school "broke up," he resolved to do what he could to fill father's place. So he presented himself at the gate of a firm, and asked the gate-keeper to tell him what the master was like. That individual demured, and said,

"What do you want to know for?"

"I want some work," said the little hopeful.

"Oh, you go away and play."

But the boy refused to be put off, and so he was told it was the man with the tall hat he must ask. When a gentleman wearing a tall hat appeared, David stepped up, and saluted him with the most approved bow, said:

"Please sir, can you give me some work?"

"Work?" said the gentleman, not unkindly, "why aren't you at school?"

"School is closed, sir, for the holidays."

"Does your mother know you are here?"

"No, sir; my mother is ill; my father is dead; there are seven of us, and I want to do something to earn some money and help mother."

The gentleman turned back and took the little lad to a foreman, with instructions to start him at work on Monday morning.

From that time David Rees toiled on like a man, shouldering the responsibility of the home more and more, until, when he was called to forsake all literally, by becoming an officer, he was confronted with one of the most difficult problems of his life.

It was this: If he obeyed God and became an officer he would un-Christianise himself by leaving his mother in helpless poverty.

God's will revealed in his conscience seemed to conflict with the fifth commandment.

What could he do? He fought out the battle on his knees. He would obey God even as Abraham, and trust God with respect to his dear mother.

And he did.

Farewell night came. Next morning he was to leave for Devonshire House, London. His unsaved brother came to the meeting. Hard-hearted and careless of home responsibilities hitherto, he seemed touched. Conviction pierced him through and through. He fled from his sins to Christ, and as the new life streamed into his soul, he solemnly promised his brother David that he would take his place at the head of the house. So



Commissioner David M. Rees.

David found the truth of what he has quoted ten thousand times since, "The path of duty is the path of safety," and his consecration passed through such a fiery ordeal that it easily withstood many of the after-testings which came with officership.

He has, too, been a great lover of men, and nothing is more Christ-like or quite as great as love.

Entering Attercliffe to take charge of the corps there, twenty-one years ago, the mob greeted him savagely, and one evilly-aimed brick struck his head. Only the big peak of his cap saved him from having a smashed-in skull.

"Give Me a Chance."

It was a terrible blow, and he was half-stunned, but rising up, although the blood was streaming down his face, he cried, "Give me a chance; let me live among you six months, and if you don't love me then, I'll give you leave to kill me."

They soon learned to love him; one in particular. Her name was Ruth. She is now known as Mrs. Rees.

Souls he shepherded at all hours. At Leeds, when the small-pox scourge so scared the people that the sick were left unattended and unattended, he did Herculean work as nurse as well as officer. He lived near enough to heaven not to be frightened to go there.

At another corps he found out some old widows, who had no male relatives to chop wood for them, and fetch coal. He regularly attended to their needs, and was surprised when he found outsiders thought much of it. To him it was the ordinary duty of a Christ-possessed man.

But take a later incident.

Some twelve months ago a bright young Training officer left the Training Homes for India. Although it was quite outside the sphere of his official work, the Commissioner kept up a correspondence with this young officer, knowing that the first twelve months would be intensely trying to him, with the result that he has been of great service to him in his depressed seasons, and the fact that the officer has recently passed an examination in the language with honors, is in no small degree attributable to the help those letters have rendered.

Instances of his love for the people might be multiplied wholesale.

His Private Secretary, in a note to me, writes:

"During my five and a-half years with him I cannot remember a solitary case of genuine appeal to him, of any character, that did not call forth his practical sympathy, and that sympathy once enlisted, he would find some method of meeting the need."

If to these features you add the fact that he is a Salvation Army man through and through, and has been all along his Army career, some little idea may be formed of the man whom the General has chosen to lead on the Swedish wing of the Army.—John Complin, Brigadier, Chief Side Officer, Men's Training Home, Clapton.

TRAINING HOME DESPATCHES.

We feel sure readers of the T. H. Despatches, and all old Cadets, will be anxious to hear about our Christmas festivities at the College this year, and we will endeavor herewith to give you a brief account of some. Before doing so, however, let me give you a peep at the doings of the past few weeks. Busy? Well, I should say we have been busy! What with sale of Christmas Crys, and collecting for the poor, in addition to our usual round of duties, the time has been more than full.

An addition has been made to the T. H. Staff, in the person of Capt. Jessie Coombs, the Commissioner's eldest daughter. We trust her stay at the Training College may be a very happy and successful one.

The Cadets have had their second examinations and feel now that their training days—at least their training days in the College—are nearing completion, and they are going in harder than ever to catch the opportunities as they come.

Brigadier Smeeton gave the Cadets a treat in the shape of a lecture on Newfoundland. Newfoundland is a spot very dear to the Brigadier's heart, and the lecture was one of education and much interest to the Cadets.

On Saturday night previous to Christmas the Brigadier arranged a very interesting lantern service, giving views of Christ's birth, life, and crucifixion, making a very appropriate service for the occasion.

And now for Christmas. In the early hours of the morning we were awakened by an unusual commotion in the dormitories, and on making enquiries found Santa Claus had visited each Cadet, and left a Christmas stocking hanging on each cubicle door. We will not describe the contents, but will say the Cadets were delighted. The morning was left free to be enjoyed as each one wished, while extensive preparations were going on in the College kitchen, under the supervision of Capt. Glanville, for a real substantial Christmas dinner. That it was an unbound success was proved by the rapid and complete disappearance of everything that was sent to the different dining-rooms. As dessert Santa Claus left some pretty presents.

In the afternoon Adj't. Smith, with the boy-Cadets, went carol-singing, and were rewarded by some very substantial gifts for the College.

Brigadier and Mrs. Smeeton and the officers had with the Cadets altogether, converting the lecture hall and girls' dining-room into one large room for the occasion. The place was tastily decorated and gave everything a very home-like air. After tea there were recitations, songs, and readings, and just in the middle of the program there were sundry mysterious sounds heard in the elevator shaft, and the next moment Santa Claus rode into our midst on a tricycle. He was greeted with hearty applause, and made us all happy with gifts of various sizes and colors. Little Herble Smeeton, to his unbounded joy, was made the happy recipient of Santa's tricycle. After good old Santa Claus had left us the evening program was continued, interspersed with games and refreshments, and as a final number the Brigadier showed some very fine limelight views of Canadian scenery, and gave an interesting talk on the same.

Needless to say, the Cadets were more than delighted with their Christmas spent in the College.

FIELD BULLETINS

Pacific Province.

Vancouver Rising.

Vancouver.—Twenty-five souls for sanctification in five weeks is our record. The faithful work of our devoted officers and comrades is being rewarded.

A Now Coat.

Bellingham, Wash.—We are glad to report victory. We have had a visit fr. Ensign Shanley. Our hall has been treated to a new coat of paint and paper, which improves the looks of it very much. We would ask the prayers of the comrades on behalf of our Treasurer, Sister Harkleroad, who lies very near death's river. The Christmas Crys have just arrived and they are fine (best yet). On Jan. 16th, '05, we are going to have a visit from our Commissioner. We are preparing to have a big time. Our officers are working hard supplying food and clothing for the needy. We are glad to report two souls since last report. Truly God is on Israel's side.—Dixie 1.

Five Souls Saved.

Mt. Vernon.—"And the power of the Lord was present to heal." That promise has been verified, in some of our meetings of late. Five sin-sick souls have been to the great Physician for healing, and three others have proven the purifying fire to burn up every trace of sin. Hallelujah. Many others are under deep conviction, whom we believe will soon yield.—Jessie L. Moore, Capt.

Lots of Specials.

New Westminster.—We have been having some very special meetings lately. First we had Captain and Mrs. Johnstone, from Bellingham, who gave us one night, and attracted the people with the sweet music and singing; one soul came forward for salvation. We are believing for victory in this place. Three souls have found pardon since last report. We are preparing for big time at councils with our Commissioner. Hallelujah!—Aaron.

Hello, Central!

Fernie, B.C.—"Hello!" "Hello! How did you get along with your banquet and jubilee?" "Was it a success?"

"What a success?" Well, I should rather think it was—lots of good things to eat, a first-class program, well rendered, a full house, and about fifty-five dollars net proceeds, ever one satisfied. Verdict of the people, "Best thing the S. A. has had since they have been in town."

"How did we manage it? Well, as we did not have much help or talent of our own we went to our outside friends, and told them that we needed their help, and they did not disappoint us; besides this we pushed, pushed, pushed. See by everybody doing their part we can report victory. Hallelujah!"

Since last report God has blessed us in more ways than one. Although we can only report one capture, we praise Him for His presence with us every day, helping us to "withstand the very darts of the enemy." We are also able to report victory with our Christmas War Crys even at this early date. They sell like hot cakes on a cold morning. We are also pleased to hear that the Commissioner is going to visit the West. God bless the Commissioner. When he comes we will give him a right loyal Western welcome.—L. T. R.

An Enrolment of Soldiers.

Dawson, Y.T.—You will be glad to hear we are not quite frozen up in this northern country. The dark days are here, with no sun to shine upon us, but we have the Sun of Righteousness shining in our hearts, keeping us bright and happy. Last week, whilst out visiting we had the joy of leading two precious souls to the feet of Jesus. We are also glad to say our crowds are increasing, and I believe our work here is on the up-grade. On Sunday, Dec. 4th we had an enrolment of soldiers. Praise God, from whom all blessing flow. Capt. Andrews joins in wishing you a very happy Christmas.—Maud Pease, Capt.

Newfoundland Province.

Thirty-Thre Souls in Two Weeks.

Elliston, Nfld.—Wonderful soul-stirring vines. Souls every night. Sunday night we had great joy and great rejoicing over ten precious souls. One had been a buckshot for nine years; others never saved before. A dear old father, after spending near sixty years enjoying pleasures of the world, knelt and gave his heart to Jesus and got blessedly saved. Five souls Monday night. Thirty-three is the total for two weeks. We rejoice to-day to see the platform filled with young men.—Capt. Noel.

Three Weddings.

Gosseberry Island.—For some time it had been rumored around that three young men of this place were going to be married some time in December. At last the dates were fixed. The three of them belonged to different denominations, namely, Church of England, Methodists, and the Salvation Army.

The writer sent for our D. O., Adj't. Hiscock, to conduct our wedding, and the others did likewise, but when the steamer came there was a great disappointment, as the ministers didn't come; but they didn't give up. The next day the steamer came back with the Adjutant on board, and everyone felt it was all right then. On Wednesday, at 6 p.m. quite a crowd met at the barracks to witness the marriage of Mr. Edward Parsons and Miss E. Brown, and Mr. Martin Parsons and Miss I. Howse. Everything went off fine. On Thursday Mr. Benjamin Wells, the son of our worthy Treasurer, and Miss M. Perry were made one. We wish our comrades every blessing.—Capt. Hebditch.

Eastern Province.

Moving Pictures.

Perhaps the best special go the S. A. ever had for the money in Springfield was the moving pictures of the International Congress. Many of the Springfield people are good Salvationists and know how to appreciate a good thing. We have had two visits from the company with the pictures, and we offer as a proof of the appreciation the evidence that the income was nearly \$25 more than the previous visit. The barracks was packed to the doors and great satisfaction given to the crowd gathered. The service was No. 1 in character. Staff-Capt. McLean and Capt. Urquhart did well, while Envoy Hodge excelled himself in turning the crank. Altogether it was successful in every respect.

Corps United in a Battle for Souls.

North Sydney.—Praise God, the revival has started. We had a host of good things last week. United revival meetings were led by Capt. Janes, from Sydney Mines, with help from the comrades there as well as here. Soldiers from both corps fired some red-hot shot and shell at the devil's ranks in the open-air, as well as in the inside meeting. Major Phillips, the Chancellor for the Maritime Province with Mrs. Phillips, were with us, and both are earnest, straightforward workers in the Lord's vineyard. Capt. Melkile, from Prince Edward Island, has been with us two whole days, and what is better still, she has come to be one of us in this great salvation war. Five souls have found pardon Thursday night, and three Friday night. Be prepared to hear something wonderful from this town shortly, all brought about by the power of God.—Treas.

Twelve Souls.

Fairville.—We are having good spiritual meetings. We had the pleasure of seeing twelve souls at the mercy seat since Capt. Ogilvie and Lieut. Envoy have taken charge of this corps. There are many more convicted. We are believing for a great revival this winter.—J. D. L.

West Ontario Province.

London Stirred.

London—Commissioner Coombs has had a grand welcome. We cannot begin to express our feelings. The Commissioner has come and gone, but he left us a blessing. His Sunday morning address on "Be ye holy," was grand. The welcome meeting in the afternoon was an old-timer. Others are reporting on these meetings, so I shall not go into details, but I felt we must say something. The Commissioner had a good staff of helpers with him—Colonel Janes, Lieut.-Colonel Friedrich, Major Harry Morris, his daughter (Capt. Coombs). They all gave good service. A mighty salvation meeting at night was conducted by the Commissioner. We all plead, "For the Kingdom's sake, come again, Commissioner and S. A." St. Thomas' Brass Band gave noble service. We shall always give them a welcome. Captains Sharpe and Burton also assisted. London is not going to be behind in the War Cry boom Christmas, selling 1,500 Crys, 1,000 over our regular number. We expect to get there.—H. C. Kendall.



Brother and Sister Pilkley and Family, Strathroy, Ont.

Four Souls.

Ridgeway.—In the week-end meetings God's power and presence were felt. Saturday night one soul was given for pardon, and on Sunday we finished with three souls in the fountain. Hallelujah!—Richardson, C. O.

Three Souls.

Galt.—Onward is our motto. God is keeping His soldiers fighting and backsliders are coming home. Three souls since last report.—A Comrade.

Central Ontario.

A Good Success.

Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.—Last Thursday evening we had a musical meeting, with a social, which was a good success. Adj't. and Mrs. Parsons, from the Mich. Soo, were present, and helped to make the evening very interesting. The singing of the male quartet took first, also the corner duet of Bandmaster Chatten and little Willa Rose. Sunday, good meetings; one soul for sanctification; commissioning of locals in the afternoon, and four sinners at the penitent form at night, which rejoiced our hearts.—Ensign J. McCann.

Victory!

Burk's Falls.—We are glad to report victory again. Two souls. Sunday night's meeting was full of God's power. We believe quite a number went away deeply convicted. Wishing you all a Happy New Year, and many of them.—Sergt. Fletcher.

East Ontario and Quebec

Six Souls.

Ottawa II.—Things are moving in the right direction and point to a glorious winter's soul-saving campaign. Six precious souls have stepped into liberty. Friday evening we spent a most enjoyable and profitable time at Hintonburgh, with the band and several comrades from No. 1, assisting. Crowds and interest increasing.—S. A. and D. P. S.

Hopeful.

Cobourg.—We are still in the fight. We have had some times of victory. After spending almost five months in our midst, our dear Captain received orders to farewell for Alaska. God has made her a blessing here. We were favored with a flying visit from our Provincial Officer, and also a very welcome visit from Ensign Edwards and Lieut. Pentford. Tuesday evening the Ensign favored us with a lantern service. Russo-Japanese war, which was greatly appreciated by all. We are believing for great things in Cobourg.—Pat.

Promoted to Glory.

LAST TRIBUTE TO A DEVOTED SOLDIER.

Death has claimed another faithful soldier of Barre, Vt., in the person of Bro. Wm. Gillespie. He will be greatly missed by all who knew him. We shall see our beloved comrade no more, nor hear his voice, until we meet him in the skies. He was snatched away from us very suddenly, emphasizing again the truth of God's holy Word, that He comes in an hour that we think not. Oh, how we all ought to be ready to meet Him.

We gave our comrade a real Army funeral. At his late home we conducted a very impressive prayer service, and thence marched to the Baptist Church, which was kindly lent, for better accommodation. The march was headed with a white-draped flag, and the soldiers with white armlets; then came the hearse containing the precious dead; next the mourners and others followed. At the church we had a very solemn and powerful service. Many hearts were touched.

We then proceeded to the Hope Cemetery, where we laid our comrade to rest, in the sure and certain hope of meeting him again before the throne of God.

Our comrade leaves a wife and three children to mourn their loss. Let us all pray that God may be a husband to the widow and a father to the fatherless in this very sad and trying hour.—W. White, Ensign.

MEDICAL WORK IN INDIA.

The ignorance on the part of the native doctors, and the cruelty and inutility of their methods of treatment, has given the officers of the Salvation Army a grand opportunity to win the respect and confidence of the people among whom they labor in India. As an instance of this, the Patients' Register of the Army's Medical Department of the Gujarat and West Indian Territory records, for the past year, a total of 14,834 new cases, and 11,358 repeat visits, bringing the number to 26,892 cases.



The Commissioners Welcomed.

Commissioner and Mrs. Rees have been heartily and vigorously welcomed to Sweden by our Swedish troops.

A concession was made by the railway authorities, and the Staff Band was permitted to play in the railway station.

When the Commissioner and Mrs. Rees, and their family, alighted they were received with resounding cheers.

On Wednesday the Temple in Stockholm was filled with officers, soldiers, and friends, who were delighted with their new "Kommanders."

On Sunday the Temple was filled twice, notwithstanding the brilliant Christmas illuminations in the shops.

Forty souls were recorded as a result of the meetings.

♦ ♦ ♦

Commissioner and Mrs. McAlonan were accorded an enthusiastic welcome at Berne, Switzerland.

Basel corps and band were at the railway station at six o'clock in the morning to greet the Commissioner on his arrival.

On Saturday night the Berne corps serenaded the Commissioner with a torchlight procession.

The Berne reception meeting, in the Hall Cafe des Alpes, was of the heartiest character. A Cantonal march took place, and representative addresses were presented to the Commissioner.

Congregations reassembled themselves for the salvation of Switzerland.

♦ ♦ ♦

Acting-Commissioner and Mrs. Sowton received a most enthusiastic welcome to Denmark. Officers' gathering in Copenhagen is said to have been full of divine power.

Public reception took place in the Temple, which was crowded, and amidst every expression of goodwill the Commissioner was received into the hearts of our Denmark soldiers.

♦ ♦ ♦

Commissioner Booth-Tucker, on Dec. 1st, took over the responsibilities of the Army's Foreign Secretariate, which Commissioner Howard relinquished for his important position as the head of our International Training work.

The Foreign Secretary was heartily welcomed to International Headquarters, and the Training Commissioner was given a cordial send-off on Monday of last week at a tea and social gathering in the Foreign Office.

Both the Chief and Mrs. Booth spoke appreciatively of the two Commissioners' past achievements, as also of the great anticipations entertained for their success in their new appointments.

After so long and so close an association with foreign affairs, it is only natural that Commissioner Howard should feel the severing of the ties.

Commissioner Booth-Tucker touched a pathetic chord in many hearts as he spoke of the absent partner whose presence and inspira-

tion he would miss so much in this appointment. But he had taken up his work with enthusiasm born of love, and would strive to "love, lift, and labor."

THE GENERAL.

The General had a glorious Saturday and Sunday in the spacious Empire Theatre, at Manchester, England. Twelve thousand people were present at the meetings, and 277 penitents.

FINNISH FACTS.

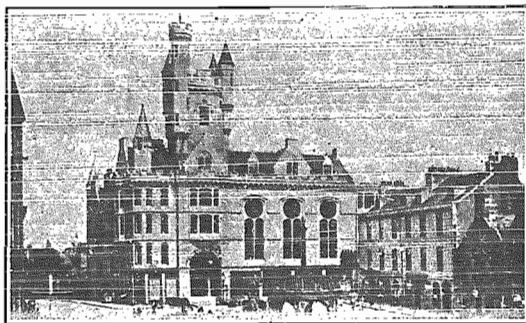
New and better halls have been opened at Vartsila, Himanke, and Puspala. The corps recently opened at Enso is full of promise. Twelve soldiers have already been enrolled. Rovaniemi, another opening, is also very successful. The hall is thronged long before the advertised hour of meeting.

♦ ♦ ♦

The booklet, "Doctrines of the Salvation Army," is now being translated into Finnish, and will shortly be published by our Headquarters at Helsingfors.

♦ ♦ ♦

The fifteenth anniversary of the coming of



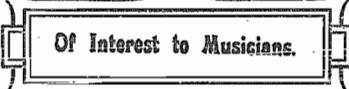
Aberdeen Barracks, Scotland.

the Army to Finland has just been celebrated in Helsingfors. In connection with the General sent his Finnish troops a special greeting.

A GENEROUS GIFT.

A cable appearing in the daily press of South Africa announces that Mr. Abe Bailey has given \$2,000 to the Salvation Army. Half of the amount is to be devoted to Social Work in England, and the remaining half to the establishment of an experimental land settlement in South Africa.

♦ ♦ ♦



ESSENTIALS IN THE S. A. BANDSMAN.

VI.—A Soloist.

In my last article I dealt with the ability to sing possessed by the average bandsman, more especially in combination with the voices of his fellows. But in this it is my ambition to create the impression—yea, more, make it plain—that each bandsman may, with a little effort, discover a talent for soloing.

Commissioner Coombs, our newly-appointed Commissioner, was for years laboring under the impression that he could not sing alone, and this while an officer; but he made it a matter of prayer and practice—the latter anything but pleasing to the listener—until now no meeting in which he is present is complete unless he renders a solo.

Wedded to soul-reaching words, vocal music, in which is the presence of the God who made it—for all good things are of Him—laid on the altar, and taken thence for the one purpose—consecrated to this service for the saving of mankind—it becomes a power, an invincible power. How many precious comrades of ours, brands snatched from the gates of hell, as it were, have to thank God for the solo of some little child, or some delicate girl-officer, whose very breath was a painful effort, as the means used to lure them from dark noisome paths to ways of light and purity?

But that this talent may be yet further discovered, and made to serve its best and fullest purpose, I pen these lines. The Welsh people are everywhere conceded to be a musical people—acceptably musical—for to soulful melodies they attach beautiful words. They include beautiful combinations in the shape of male or female, or mixed choirs, and some of the compositions they delight in contain beautifully-weird harmonies. But they make a specialty of solos, and as a means of developing them, arrange competitions with trying test pieces calculated to bring to light the soloist's capabilities in this direction.

At a recent Welsh eisteddfod (competitive singing festival) the adjudicator in the solo competition delivered himself thus:

"The test piece is intended to test not only the vocal capabilities of the singers, but also the mental capacities. In many cases they utterly failed to appreciate the poetry of the music. The man portrayed in today's test piece is represented as being in a state of terrible despair, almost voiceless with terror because of the remembrance of his sins. Most of the singers, however, sang as if they had had a very good breakfast before they started. They should study, before everything else, the sense of the words, and then apply the music. One singer was not content to leave nature alone. If God gives a man a good voice, it is a pity to alter it. So many singers think that, to show feeling, it is necessary to imitate the goat that trembles. The tremble comes soon enough, as an accompaniment to age. I would like to find the voice of my youth. I could do the vibrating beautifully now."

Then we find some of our comrades who sing such solemn solos as, "I dreamed that the great Judgment Morning had dawned," with its attempt at description of that eventful time, as if it were some light, nonsensical, trilling song of the world. The gentleman above quoted tries to show that valuable though the music is, the most important part is to understand and assimilate the meaning of the words. The message of salvation can be, has been, is now, and will be, conveyed by solos of consecrated singers to the hearts of people susceptible to a song's message, when a bookful of prose would not have the least effect. Then I make a plea for soloists among our bandsmen—baritones, tenors, and basses.

See how cut-and-dried an affair, how ponderously heavy, is the festival in which instrumental music predominates, and how resignedly the audience sit while someone, who has not known till just at the commencement of the festival that he had to sing, half-heartedly mumbles words—dead words—divorced from the music, to which if wedded by a soulful singer, they had become full of life, carrying a message of light, love, and hope. I appeal for a loving care in the choice of music and words, and a giving of your best ability, a pouring-out of the heart, in the rendering of same.

That suggests one more thought: If your heart is to pour out good thoughts and feelings, to prompt others to like efforts, it must first be good itself. You know the source of goodness; don't fail to seek it. God bless you.—Geetrom,



The War.

The surrender of Port Arthur changes the phase of the Japanese-Russian War. The brave General Stoessel and his heroic defenders have won the admiration of the world, and his offer of surrender when ammunition run out, and annihilation was the only alternative, has met with a chivalrous response from his gallant opponent, General Nogi. With the honors of war the garrison will march out of the devastated fortress and its officers and soldiers will be allowed to return to Russia on parole. We can but thank God that the dreadful butchery around Port Arthur is apparently ended, and pray that peace may speedily follow.

Russia Stretching Her Limbs.

The Czar has issued a manifesto yielding many reforms, among such the municipal institutions are to be given a wider scope of self-government, the judicial procedure throughout the Empire to be unified, and the State is to ensure the workingmen. It appears, however, that subsequent official proclamations give out certain warnings which to some extent blunt the enthusiasm which the Czar's manifesto called out. There are many signs of growing unrest. Count Tolstoi has written a personal letter to the Czar entreating him to grant reforms in harmony with the people's rights. It is to be hoped that the better and liberal influence of the Imperial will triumph, and that a better day may dawn for Russia's millions without the fiery baptism of a revolution.

British Briefs.

The estimated wheat yield in South Australia this year is 14,575,000 bushels, an increase of 1,360,000 compared with last year.

The Daily Mail says that the British Admiralty is designing a battleship of 17,000 or 18,000 tons, which will carry ten 12-inch guns. It will be capable of destroying anything afloat or yet designed. It will fire a broadside of seven 850-pound shells, which will be able to perforate two feet of the best existing armor. The Mail, referring to the projected monster American battleships, describes the new British vessel as Great Britain's reply in friendly competition "with our possible ally."

A thousand of London's poorest children were entertained at a roast beef and plum pudding dinner at Cannington town, provided by the money collected in Canada.

Beginning with Jan. 1st, the Post Office accepts at any telegraphic office in the United Kingdom wireless telegraph messages for transmission to ships at sea. The charge will be 13 cents a word. The concession is the result of two years' negotiations, towards which the Post Office was at first very cold.

Trouble Brewing.

Owing to the crisis in Morocco, the navy yard, at Toulon, France, shows the greatest activity. Preparations are going on to have a naval division, consisting of the battleships Charlemagne and Iena and two cruisers in readiness to proceed to Morocco if the crisis accentuates.

Besieged by Bears.

Capt. Thwing, of the steamer Harold Dolan, which has returned to San Francisco from the eastern coast of Siberia, tells of an invasion of the cities and villages of the Kamtschatkan Peninsula by hundreds of starving Siberian bears. The ferocious animals, driven from the mountains by hunger, made their way to the inhabited regions of the coast, and for days kept the natives in a state of semi-siege. In Ustkaamchata, a small town near the city of Petropavlovsk, 150 of the savage brutes were shot in a single day, as they roamed among the houses in search of food.

Victims of Fire.

Four children were burned to death near North Bay while the mother was delivering some milk to neighbors. It appears that coal oil was poured into the stove by one of the children, and caused the fire.

At a fire at Hawkesbury, Ont., the station master's mother was burned to death.

A woman was burned to death in a house near Fort Frances, Ont. All the other inmates escaped.

Near Arnprior a woman ascending the cellar steps caught her foot near the top and fell backward, hanging there for some minutes. Shortly after being extricated she died.

The Story of a
French Lassie.

Called as a Junior into the Army, She Longed for the Pleasures of the World, but Finally Yielded to the Voice of Her Conscience and Became an Army Officer.

I was a child of about seven when the Army came to Nimes, and my recollections of those



Adjudant Pons.

first months are rather confused. I heard my parents talking of how the Salvation Army people were, coming with trumpets and drums, and of how horrified everybody was; and then when they came they were so quiet and nice themselves, and yet what they said seemed to cause so much upset.

It was very strange. Father went to the first meeting, which was held in a very rough part of Nimes; nearly all the windows were broken that night, and one of the officers was almost killed!

Father's chief interest seemed to be in the officers themselves. He saw paper on their quarters' table instead of a white cloth, and their simplicity and devotion so much impressed him that he went to many meetings, especially those for teaching holiness early on Sunday mornings. Then he got really converted. He had been a Christian before, but not a worker for God.

What I do remember very clearly was the first time I saw my father in a Salvation Army cap! We were in the country house where we always spent the summer, and one Saturday evening we children ran, as usual, down the avenue to meet him when he came for the week-end. Then I got a dreadful shock, for, instead of the usual black hat, I saw a red cap on my father's grey hair!

After we returned to Nimes my mother went to the Army and was saved, and a few months later they visited England for some special meetings, and my mother came home with a hallelujah bonnet!

So you see we were brought up in the Army, and I was converted as a child. We used to go to the children's meetings, started by the present Lieut.-Colonel Peyron, then a boy of fifteen. My eldest sister became a Field Officer, and was afterwards Staff-Captain and Editor of *En Avant* for three years. She died eighteen years ago.

When I was about fourteen I began to long after the world, and to wish that I had someone to take me to parties and the sort of pleasures the other school-girls enjoyed. Thus, for about two years I was restless and unhappy. All the while I knew I should have to be good, but I didn't want to; I kicked against the pricks, and suffered in consequence.

Then Capt. Peyron came home for a rest, and sent around personal invitations to all his old juniors to attend a special meeting in our home. Of course, I was included, and at that meeting I gave up the useless strug-

gle against God's Spirit, and chose Him and goodness once and for ever. At the penitent form in that little meeting I got definitely converted, and became a Salvationist. After that I wore uniform at school, and later the Principal of our school was converted and joined the Army, and there was a beautiful revival among the girls. It was easier after that for me. I used to go with Miss Peyron (now Mrs. Adj't. Tzaut); my great friend, to the villages on Sundays and take *En Avant* round.

When I came to London I studied English I had not yet made my life-choice. For a while I worked in a Slum Mission, but I was unhappy because God was all the time trying to show me my real place. I saw it at last, and wrote to Paris, offering myself as a Candidate. A few months later I entered the French Training Home, under Staff-Captain Schoch (now Mrs. Colonel Roussel), and after that began six such happy years of Field Officership. Four of my appointments were "openings," and we had most blessed times, and revivals in many places.

I always loved the Rescue Work. The Army's first Home in France was in Nimes, and I often used to go and read to the girls and do anything I could to help, even while too young myself to understand the world's sin.

My last corps was in Switzerland, and we did a lot of open-air work there. It was such a treat, because in France we may not hold open-air. But I broke down afterwards, and came home for a long rest, and then I was appointed to the Rescue Work, and went as Scribe to the Warden of Paris Home. Later on I was placed in charge, and, the lease being nearly out, we were looking for a more suitable house. Just at the last minute we secured our present Home, and I had to get all the packing and moving done inside of two days. I was on my bicycle all the first day, hurrying about to arrange things and to get a little money to pay for the move, our funds were so low. It was only twenty-five minutes' walk from one house to the other; so the girls helped by carrying their belongings across. They were so good.

Then at last everything was over and we took our first meal of bread and cheese in the dark dining-room! The house had been empty for two years, and our other lease having expired and this place only just secured, we had to move in first and do the cleaning afterwards! It was an experience, but we can laugh at it all now, and rejoice that we were so wonderfully helped through.

Our Home is beautifully situated on the hill, with a lovely view over the Seine, and lots of sunshine. We are about forty-five minutes' journey from our Headquarters, 3 Rue Auber, Paris.

YOUR MAJESTY!

One of the Social Officers in New Zealand, who had been appointed to Police Court work, was so nervous when she appeared before a magistrate for the first time that she addressed that gentleman as "Your Majesty!"

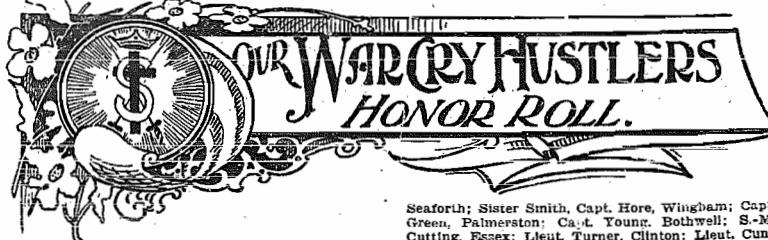
AT TEN MINUTES PAST TWELVE.

Our Christchurch officers rashly announced that the first five children who called at his house on Monday morning of their recent Self-Denial Week would receive half a crown each. Exactly at ten minutes past midnight the knocker was rattled by an expectant junior. The officer got out of bed and fulfilled his promise. Half an hour later there was another terrific knock, and the officer had to get up again. At 1 a.m. another disturber of the peace arrived—and so on till morning!

The Christchurch Rescue Home was recently isolated by floods, but fortunately no serious damage was done.

One hundred and twenty Old Country bandsmen looked over the printing works at St. Albans, Eng., recently.

The St. John's I. Band, Newfoundland, in their new uniforms and caps, are said to appear well.



An Observation or Two.—Many Fall and Fainter by the Way.

Christmas dinners have so occupied the attention of our comrades who comprise the Provincial Staffs at the various centres that they have evidently not had time to prepare the boomers' lists. This is a calamity. But amidst all the struggles and work of these festive seasons there are at least two or three enterprising Provincial Officers.

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At such times of rush one can better pick out the capable and resourceful leader, and we most heartily congratulate those who have, amidst a whirl of hurry during Christmas and New Year, sent along the names of our War Cry heroes and heroines.

Central Ontario Province.

77 Hustlers.

Capt. Crocker, Sudbury	175
Mrs. Adjt. Habirk, Hamilton I.	154
Sergt. Miles, Barrie	130
Capt. Caskie, St. Catharines	128
Ensign Hoddinton, Midland	100
P. S.-M. Jordn, Lippincott	100
Ensign McCann, Soo, Ont.	100
Lauverville, Soo, Ont.	100
Capt. Capper, Doovercourt	100
99 and Over.—Sergt. Mrs. Moore, Riverville.	100
70 and Over.—Capt. Flynn, St. Catharines; Capt. Chislett, Parry Sound; Staff-Capt. McNamara, Owen Sound; Capt. Walker, Esther St.	100
53 and Over.—Capt. J. Marshall, Massford; Capt. M. Stephens, Lieut. A. Fazee, North Bay.	100
59 and Over.—Lieut. Jordan, Riverville; Laura Irwin, Lippincott; Adjt. Newman, Barrie; Sister Coy, Hamilton I.; Bro. Borden, Barrie; Capt. M. Curril, Chesley; Capt. Lamb, Aurora; Mrs. Bowens, Lsgar St.; Sergt. Andrews, Temple.	100
40 and Over.—Ensign McClelland, Hamilton II.; Mrs. Adjt. Hyde, Lissig St.; Mrs. Phillips, Junction; Lieut. Varni, Capt. Jago, Newmarket; Mrs. Grant, Sister Ostrander, Yorkville; Capt. Richards, Omemee; C.-C. Richards, Mrs. Ensign White, Lindsay; Capt. Bond, Lieut. McMillan, Fenelon Falls.	100
30 and Over.—Ensign Lott, Lieut. Bowcock, Orangeville; Capt. McMillan, Mrs. Burrows, Hamilton I.; Sergt. Vingate, Temple; Capt. Stolliver, Riverville; Capt. Richardson, Faversham; Sergt-Major Calver, Sergt. Gibson, Capt. St.ckels, Bowmanville; Capt. Jordan, Gore Bay; Capt. E. Shepard, Capt. Meader, Brampton; Lieut. Hurd, Kinnmont; Mrs. White, Hamilton I.; Lieut. Meeks, Gravenhurst.	100

20 and Over.—Ensign White, Lindsay; Ensign Howcroft, Gravenhurst; Sister Harding, Hamilton I.; Lieut. Stimers, Sergt. Fletcher, Burk's Falls; Sergt. Freeman, Lippincott; Mrs. Hinton, Oakville; Treas. Nelson, Lindsay; Staff-Capt. Coombs, Mrs. Coombs, Sergt. Alien, Sergt. Andrews, Sergt. Whalen, Sergt. Lizzie, Bradley, Sergt. Stacey, Sister Berwick, Temple; Bro. Hope, Owen Sound; Ensign McClelland, Hamilton II.; Sergt. Secord, Orillia; Bro. Tuck, Ligar St.; Capt. Meeks, Yorkville; Elmer Canniff, Gore Bay; P. S.-M. Heard, Kinnmont.

West Ontario Province.

76 Hustlers.

Lieut. Beckingham, Stratford	160
Mrs. Adjt. Snow, Simcoe	135
Capt. Rock, Wallaceburg	126
Capt. Clinansmith, Guelph	125
Lieut. Simpson, Galt	120
Mrs. Ensign LeCocq, St. Thomas	120
Mrs. Harding, Brantford	120
Sergt. Proctor, London	117
Sergt. Garside, London	116
Capt. Richardson, Ridgewton	110
Mrs. Teft, Chatham	101
Mary Ball, Chatham	101
Mrs. Capt. Burton, Woodstock	100
Capt. Malsey, Tilsonburg	100
Lieut. Setter Brantford	100
Capt. McLeod, Dresden	100
Ensign Grego, Sarnia	100

99 and Over.—Mrs. Capt. Fennacy, Strathroy.
53 and Over.—Lieut. Carter, Lieut. Mather, Godrich; Mrs. Capt. Sharpe, Capt. Sharpe, Jagersoll; Lieut. Duncan, Aylmer; Ensign LeCocq, St. Thomas.

70 and Over.—Lieut. Brown, Sarnia; Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock; Capt. Hippert, Kingsville; Capt. Woods, London.

60 and Over.—Staff-Capt. DesBrisay, Brantford; Capt. Patten, Essex; Mrs. Adjt. Blass, Chatham; Adjt. Kendall, London; Capt. Boyd, Clinton; Adjt. Sims, Mrs. Adjt. Sims, Petrolia.

50 and Over.—Lieut. Aaskin, Capt. Lightbourne, Petrolia.

Seaford; Sister Smith, Capt. Hore, Wingham; Capt. Green, Palmerston; Capt. T. Young, Bothwell; S.-M. Cutting, Essex; Lieut. Turner, Clinton; Lieut. Cunningham, Capt. Kitchen, Leamington.

40 and Over.—Capt. Thompson, Theiford; Sec. Gilders, Sister Lizzie Dolson, Lieut. Robinson, Hespeler; Capt. Hinsley, Lieut. Waldron, Forest; Capt. Pickle, Capt. Cook, Blenheim; Mrs. Thomson, Woodstock; Mrs. Jones, Kingsville; Mrs. Capt. Kerswell, Listowel; Sister Hudson, London; S.-M. E'ackwell, Petrolia.

30 and Over.—Capt. Thompson, Theiford; Sec. Gilders, Sister Lizzie Dolson, Lieut. Robinson, Hespeler; Capt. Hinsley, Lieut. Waldron, Forest; Capt. Pickle, Capt. Cook, Blenheim; Mrs. Thomson, Woodstock; C.-C. Cable, Mrs. Lamb, Stratford; Capt. in Kerswell, Listowel; C.-C. Hollingshead, Sergt. Currie, Petrolia.

20 and Over.—Bro. Musgrave, Worcester; Captain Fennacy, C.-C. Linsley, Strathroy; Ruth Green, Grace Green, Palmerston; Mrs. Campbell, Woodstock; C.-C. Cable, Mrs. Lamb, Stratford; Capt. in Kerswell, Listowel; C.-C. Hollingshead, Sergt. Currie, Petrolia.

East Ontario Province.

72 Hustlers

P. S.-M. Mulcahy, Montreal I.	270
P. S.-M. Dudley, Ottawa I.	175
Capt. Oldford, Ottawa I.	125
Lieut. Thompson, Nanapee	125
P. S.-M. Raymo, Baile	115
Lieut. Nelson, St. Johnsbury	110
Capt. Hicks, Sherbrooke	100
Sergt. Moore, Montreal I.	100
Mrs. Ensign Thompson, Ottawa I.	100
Staff-Capt. Perry, Kingston	100
Mrs. Staff-Capt. Perry, Kingston	100
Mrs. Ensign Rose, Pembroke	100
Mrs. Ensign White, Barre	100
Mrs. Adjt. Jennings, Peterboro	100
S.-M. Mrs. Stevenson, Peterboro	100

90 and Over.—Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I.; Captain O'Neil, Lieut. Morris, Burlington; Lieut. Cee, Quebec; Capt. Lowrie, Deseronto.

55 and Over.—Lieut. Miller, Prescott.
50 and Over.—Capt. Owen, Peteron; Mrs. Ensign Bradbury, Brockville; Ensign Gammidge, Lieut. Duthworth, Port Hope.

60 and Over.—Sergt. Hatchier, Montreal I.; Capt. Allan, Lieut. Osmond, Newport; Sergt. Dixon, Kingston; Ensign Slatar, Campbellford.

50 and Over.—Capt. Muir, Cobourg; Ensign Clark, Cornwall; Sergt. Mrs. Brown, Kingston; P. S.-M. Webster, Montreal II.; Sergt. Wals, Ogdensburg.
40 and Over.—Mrs. Ensign Gillam, Sergt. Schnell, Montreal I.; Sergt. Welsh, Burlington; Lieut. Thomas, Capt. Liddell, Trenton; Sister A. Turner, Sister L. White, Brockville; Lieut. Penfold, Millbrook; Lieut. Salter, Peterboro.

30 and Over.—Sergt. Parkes, Montreal I.; S.-M. Harcourt, Ottawa I.; Mrs. Ensign Clark, Mary Finch, Cornwall; Sergt. Nellie Trim, Capt. Duncan, Montreal IV.; Lieut. Kelley, Capt. Bushey, Kempton; Ensign Rose, Pembroke; Mrs. Captain Coy, Montreal II.; Capt. Phillips, Odessa; Sister Mrs. Moore, Ogdensburg.

20 and Over.—Sergt. Vancouver, Montreal I.; Dad Duquet, Trenton; Sec. Jewell, Picton; Capt. Conrad, Cobourg; Sergt. Mrs. Dine, Kingston; J. S. S.-M. Fagerberg, Montreal IV.; Capt. Ash, Lieut. Smith, Ottawa II.; Sister Hippert, Capt. Coy, Montreal II.; Capt. Aylsworth, Ogdensburg; S.-M. Russell, Millbrook; Mrs. Frederick, Campbellford; Sergt. Greene, Sergt. Venette, Peterboro; Miss Gillam, Renfrew.

Pacific Province.

41 Hustlers

Capt. Knudson, Victoria	200
Mrs. Adjt. Dowell, Helena	150
Capt. Eastz, Spokane	135
Mrs. Ensign Wilkins, Butte	130
Capt. West, Vancouver	125
Capt. Quant, Missoula	120
Mrs. Ensign Dowell, Great Falls	105

30 and Over.—Mrs. Capt. Allan, Billings; Sister Scadden, Everett.
60 and Over.—Lieut. Rickard, Fernie; Adjt. Dean, Capt. Papstein, Nelson; Capt. Allan, Billings; Mrs. Capt. Johnstone, Whatcom.

50 and Over.—Capt. Riley, Revelstoke; Capt. in Travis, Fernie; Mrs. Baynton, Capt. Lewis, Westminster; Bro. Kay, Sergt. Errington, Vancouver; Mrs. Wilkins, Butte; Capt. Jones, Victoria; Capt. Wright, Bellingham.

40 and Over.—Sergt. McCausland, Spokane; Sergt. Holston, Bellingham.
50 and Over.—Lieut. Davidson, Revelstoke; Bro. Moody, Vancouver; Ensign Wilkins, Butte; Adjt. Nelson, Rossland; Bro. Salak, Spokane; Ensign Dowell, Great Falls.

20 and Over.—Mrs. Adjt. Nelson, Bro. Britt, Rossland; Bro. Kestler, Everett; Sister Minnie Shute, C.-C. James, Helena; Flossie Siotz, Spokane; Capt. Moore, Capt. Croser, Mt. Vernon.

Klondike.

2 Hustlers

Mrs. Sainsbury, Skagway	100
30 and Over.—Capt. Sainsbury, Skagway.	100

It is a great satisfaction at the close of life to be able to look back on the years that are past, and that you have been useful to others. You may be assured, also, that the same feeling is a source of comfort and happiness at any period of life. Nothing in this world is so good as usefulness. It binds your fellow-creatures to you, and you to them; it tends to the improvement of your own character, and it gives you a real importance in society, much beyond what any mortal station can bestow.

OUR HISTORY CLASS.

V.—THE ENGLISH.

Chapter XXIV.

RICHARD III.—A.D. 1453-1465.

Richard III. seems to have wished to be a good and great king; but he made his way to the throne in too evil a manner to be likely to prosper. How many people he had put to death we do not know; for when the English began to suspect that he had murdered his two nephews, they also accused him of the death of every one who had been secretly slain since Edward IV. came to the throne, when he had been a mere boy. He found he must be always on the watch; and his home was unhappy, for his son, for whose sake he had striven so hard to be king, died while yet a boy, and Anne, his wife, not long after.

When his former staunch friend, the Duke of Buckingham, began to feel that though he wanted the sons of Elizabeth Woodville to be set aside from reigning, it was quite another thing to murder them. He was a vain, proud man, who had a little royal blood; being descended from Thomas, the first Duke of Gloucester, son of Edward III.—and he both thought himself that, now all the House of Lancaster had ended when poor young Richard was killed at Tewkesbury; but the Beauforts—the children of that younger family of John of Gaunt, who had first begun the quarrel with the Duke of York—were not all dead. Lady Margaret Beaufort, the daughter of the eldest son, had married a Welsh gentleman named Edmund Tudor, and had a son called Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond. Edward IV. had always feared that this youth would rise against him, and he had been obliged to wander about in France and Brittany since the death of his father; but nobody was afraid of Lady Margaret, and she had married a Yorkist nobleman, Lord Stanley.

Now, the eldest daughter of Edward IV.—Elizabeth, or Lady Bessie, as she was called—was older than her poor young brothers; and she heard, to her great horror, that her uncle wanted to commit the great wickedness of making her his wife, after poor Anne Neville's death. There is a curious old set of verses, written by Lord Stanley's squire, which says that Lady Bessie called Lord Stanley to a secret room, and begged him to send to his step-son, Richmond, to invite him to come to England and set them all free.

Stanley said he could not write well enough, and that he could not trust a scribe; but Lady Bessie said she could write as well as any scribe in England. So she told him to come to her chamber at nine that evening, with his trusty squire; and there she wrote letters, kneeling by the table, to all the noblemen likely to be discontented with Richard, and appointing a place of meeting with Stanley; and she promised herself that, if Henry Tudor would come and overthrow the cruel tyrant Richard, she would marry him; and she sent him a ring in pledge of her promise.

Henry was in Brittany when he received the letter. He kissed the ring, but waited long before he made up his mind to try his fortune. At last he sailed in a French ship, and landed at Milford Haven—for he knew Henry Tudor would be delighted to see him; and as he was really descended from the great old British chiefs, they seemed to think that to make him king of England would be almost like having King Arthur back again.

They gathered round him, and so did a great many English nobles. But Richard, though very angry, was not much alarmed, for he knew Henry Tudor had never seen a battle. He marched out to meet him, and a terrible fight took place at Redmire Heath, near Market Bosworth, where, after long and desperate struggling, Richard was overwhelmed and slain, his banner taken, and his men either killed or driven from the field. His body was found gashed, bleeding, and stripped; and thus was thrown across a horse and carried into Leicester, where he had slept the night before. The crown he had worn over his helmet was picked up from the branches of a hawthorn, and set on the head of Henry Tudor. Richard was the last king of the Plantagenet family, who had ruled over England for more than three hundred years. This battle of Bosworth likewise finished the whole bloody war of the Red and White Roses.

Our MEDICAL COLUMN.

Diet in Diseases of the Skin.—(Continued.)

As to the quantity of food that should be taken, it may be said that but few of the skin diseases are caused or aggravated by excessive indulgence in food. Patients with acne are perhaps the only ones whose complaint is aggravated by simple overindulgence. Such patients should avoid hot drinks and soups, since these provoke flushing of the face and favor the development of the rash. It is well for them to avoid desserts, as these are usually just so much more than the individual really requires.

A prevalent habit, which probably contributes largely to the prevalence of indigestion, is the habitual use of large quantities of liquids with the meals. Aside from the injury which may result from alcohol, or tea, or coffee in excess, it is not desirable to fill the stomach with any liquid, however harmless, during the process of digestion, since the stomach juices are therefore diluted and weakened, and the process of digestion is, to say the least, retarded. This is especially true if the liquids taken are cold, since the effect of chilling the stomach is also to arrest the digestion.

Patients with eczema are apt to dislike and avoid fatty foods. It has been ascertained that the use of fats in the food generally exercises a good influence on the course of the disease; hence it is desirable that such patients take a moderate amount of fat with their food, even though they do not crave it. These patients with eczema are apt to eat vegetable food by preference, especially the starchy substances, such as rice, arrowroot, and oatmeal.

It is well for them to bear in mind the popular idea that "oatmeal is heating," since there seems to be some foundation for this idea in the fact.

One of the most frequent causes, and one of the most constant means in prolonging the various diseases of the skin, is indulgence in fermented liquids. These generally exercise a decided influence in originating and prolonging diseases of the skin. A patient suffering from such diseases should, therefore, abstain from the use of beer, ale, wine, whiskey, cider, etc.

Dr. Fox gives the following directions as to the diet in skin diseases:

First.—A distinction must be made between the diet of the private and the hospital patient. The latter often requires to be well fed, and then his disease speedily goes; the former, on the other hand, often needs to have a check put on the quantity and quality of his food.

Second.—In children, skin diseases may arise directly from alimentation, as in the case of eczema; and it is frequently the case that the child who is the subject of eczema, or of psoriasis, has not a sufficient supply of milk, either from excessive dilution or otherwise.

Third.—The regulation of the diet, setting aside the question of quantity or quality, is, as a rule, needed, not so much to directly influence skin disease as certain states of general health, which modify the particular disease present; for instance, to meet especially dyspeptic, gouty, and rheumatic conditions, but particularly the former.

In dyspepsia, in connection with eczema, acne, psoriasis, or congestion of the face, it is advisable to avoid sugar, tea, coffee, alcohols, beef, raw vegetable matter, unripe or uncooked fruit, veal, pork, seasoned dishes, pastry, and the ever-kind of vegetables, but especially such articles whose use is followed by a heating or flushing of the face, and by flatulence and the like. Milk, the common meats, light kind of bread, and some light kind of wine should be the diet of dyspeptic patients whose skins are at all in a state of irritation. In very many cases the stomach is at fault at the outset, and a careful regulation of the diet is of utmost importance as an aid to the other means adopted to correct faults in the other parts of the system.

In gouty subjects much the same line of treatment is to be pursued.

FEEDING THE POOR.

The Salvation Army in the U. S. A. will cater to two hundred and fifty thousand people.

For some time upon the busy streets of New York Christmas triods and kettles of the Army have been appealing to the public for generous contributions of money, provisions, etc., to enable it to make Christmas the day of days in the lives of the poorest citizens of all the large cities throughout the length and breadth of that land.

It is safe to say that among the Army's many benevolences no one undertaking is more beneficial to the masses, and attracts more genuine practical sympathy from all classes, than its annual free Christmas dinner to the poor.

Some idea of the immensity of this enterprise may be gathered from the fact that in New York alone 6,000 loaves of bread, 5,000 chickens, 4,500 cans of soup, 3,000 pounds of turkey, 1,000 pounds of beef, 3,000 pounds of coffee, 250 bushels of potatoes, 1,000 pies, 3,000 pounds of sugar, besides barrels of apples, bushels of other fruits and vegetables, etc., will be needed.

A force of some three hundred waiters, eight or ten cooks and their assistants, and a large kitchen force will be required to get this bewildering mass of provender together, prepared, and served up to the hungry multitude.

The greatest of all the Army's Christmas feasts will be served in the Grand Central Palace, New York, on December 26th, where our late Commissioner, Miss Eva Booth, will personally superintend the distribution of baskets to families in the morning, the great table spread at 6 p.m., and the interesting service which will follow.



To Our Bandsmen

For some time we have received inquiries concerning making a cheaper line of Band Tunics than the first-class makes we have always made up. In order to meet this demand in some measure, we are taking advantage of the slack month to give our Bandsmen a good article at a cheap cost. Remember, this is not shoddy, nor factory made. At the same time, we advise our Bandsmen to strain a point and secure the better article, if possible, as the wear of the red serge is so much more satisfactory, and the better garment is finished with Silk Sewing, Mohair Braid, etc., making a very fine garment in every respect. Those who compare our prices with England, or other places, should remember the difference in the material and make-up of the goods. We know whereof we speak when we state that for workmanship and material our prices cannot be beat—at least WHERE UNION WAGES ARE PAID, which is a principle with us, and our concern is well-known to the labor organizations as being thorough in this respect.

A SILVER-PLATED CORNET

Is an article desired by most cornet players. Knowing this, we have been endeavoring to get a First-Class Article of the Army Make at a reasonable cost. We consider we have succeeded when we can quote these at the following prices:

Besson Model, Silverplated \$35.00
Courtois Model 40.00

As we have to get these instruments from England, orders should be sent in good time.

PHOTOS AND PICTORIAL POST CARDS

Of Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs are to hand, which many old friends will be glad to learn. As we have only a limited quantity orders should be sent in at once.

Photos, Cabinet Size 25c.
Photos, Large Size, of Family 50c.

Post Cards 2 for 5c.

Trade Secretary,
S. A. Temple, Toronto, Ont.

We are looking for you

To Parents, Relations and Friends.

We are anxious to find missing persons in any part of the globe; Ireland, and as far as possible within the British dominions, or anywhere in the world. Address Commissioner Thomas B. Coombs, 20 Albert Street, Toronto, and mark "Enquiry" on the envelope. Five cents should be sent with the letter, and if the person is found, a proportionate amount will be given. To be inserted with the advertisement, an extra charge of one dollar is made, which amount must be sent with the photo. Officers, soldiers, and friends are requested to look up old acquaintances in this column, and to inform the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

(First Insertion.)

4694. O'BRIEN, WILLIAM. Barber by trade. Left Pembroke, Ont., nine years ago. Height 5ft. 7in., fair hair. (English and American Cry please copy.)

4695. OGILVIE, PERCY (or Osborn). Aged 22. Left England on Nov. 9th, 1903. Was at one time in the Grenadier Guards. Intended joining the N.-W. Mounted Police. Was last known to be in Montreal.

4697. BIDDER, WILLIAM. Englishman by birth; last heard from at Cranbrook during the past summer. Any information thankfully received.

4698. PETCHELL, WILLIAM. News of William Petchell, or any of his family, thankfully received. He came to Canada in 1846. Canadian address unknown.

(Second Insertion.)

4689. BOTTCHER, MAX. Native of Schlawe, Germany. Age about 40 years; left Germany twelve years ago. May have come to Canada. Sister very anxious about him.

4690. ANTHONY, RICHARD. Age 28 years, over 6ft. in height; Englishman by birth; came to Canada about twelve years ago. Last heard from in February, 1901; was then in the Marine Hospital, Detroit, Mich. (American Cry please copy.)

4691. MARSHALL, WM. Age 20, height 5ft. 10in., fair complexion, grey eyes. Left No. 1 Prime St. Kingston, eighteen months ago; last heard from in Watertown, N.Y. May have gone to the Western States.

4676. SPEARS, WILLIAM. Age about 18. Ten years ago he was sent from the Rev. Remine's Home, Halifax, N.S. Any information thankfully received.

4680. GALBRAITH, JOHN. Native of Five Mile Town, Co. Fermanagh, Ireland. Married a Miss Nelson and came to Toronto forty years ago. Any information thankfully received.

4678. McDONALD, JOHN. Age 24 years, brown hair, grey eyes. Missing ten years. Last known address: Cold Water, Mich. May have gone to North Dakota or the Western States.

4679. McDONALD, FRED. Age 28 years, height 5ft. 10in., brown hair. Left Grand Rapids, Mich., six years ago for Dakota. Any information thankfully received.

4656. FUNGE, RICHARD WILLIAM. Ten dollars reward offered for the address of Richard Wm. Funge, who worked for Mr. Grimsbaw, farmer, at Sapon, Man., in the year 1901. Address F. M. Funge, Bransville, Minn., U.S.A., or the above address.

4684. HANSON, THOMAS. Age 25, native of Douglas, Isle of Man; came to Canada about twelve or fourteen years ago; is supposed to be farming somewhere in Ontario, and not far from the borders of Lake Ontario. (American Cry please copy.)



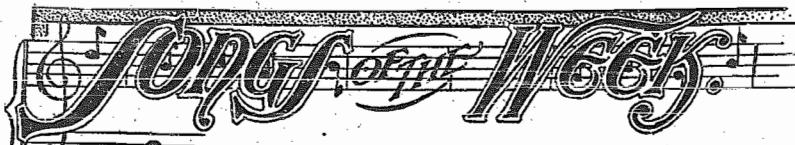
4655. ROBERTS, GEORGE LAVINGTON. Age 26; came to Canada four years ago. He first settled at Calgary, afterwards at East Maple Creek, where he was in the ranching business. May have gone to McLeod or Lethbridge.

4687. McGAW, JAMES. Age 67 years, height 5ft. 6in., dark hair, brown eyes, dark complexion; gardener; has also been a station master. Was last heard of in Montreal, P.Q.

4688. COLES, FREDERICK TURNER, sometimes known as Frank. Arrived in New York, per S.S. Philadelphia, in April, 1904. May have gone to Canada; is 31 years of age, height 5ft. 11in., rather stout, fair hair and complexion, auburn mustache.

IMMIGRATION AND TRANSPORTATION DEPARTMENT.

Will officers and soldiers remember that we have a Shipping Agency at Headquarters, and can book passengers to all parts of the world. If you have anyone going or coming from England, or elsewhere, kindly write us for rates, etc., or have them do so. Address: Brigadier T. Howell, 20 Albert St., Toronto.



WAR AND TESTIMONY.

Tune.—Bringing in the Sheaves (N.B.B. 216).

1 Sowing in the morning,
Sowing seeds of kindness,
Sowing in the noon tide
And the dewy eve;
Waiting for the harvest,
And the time of reaping,
We shall come rejoicing,
Bringing in the sheaves.

Chorus.

Bringing in the sheaves,
Bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come rejoicing,
Bringing in the sheaves.

Sowing in the sunshine,
Sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds
Nor winter's chilling breeze;
By-and-by the harvest,
And the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing,
Bringing in the sheaves.

Tune.—Oh, What Battles (N.B.B. 197).

2 Oh, what battles I've been in,
And what conflicts I have seen,
But in darkness, as in brightness, He is mine;
Oh, what mocking and what shame
I can suffer in His name,
For in Glory as the stars He'll make me shine!

Chorus.

Washed in the blood white as snow,
Nothing am I seeking here below;
There's no more strife for my soul, I know,
And nought can my peace overthrow.

What a sinner I have been,
What a Saviour I have seen,
For He's saved me from my sorrow and my woe;
And, when lost to all around,
My redeemer then I found,
And His pardoning love and mercy now I know.

3 Oh, what mighty, wondrous love
Bought my Saviour from above,
On the cross to shed His blood and die for me;
So I'll serve Him with my might,
In His service I'll delight,
For the blood from sin's dark bondage sets me free.

BOUNLESS SALVATION.

Tune.—My Jesus, I Love Thee (N.B.B. 185).

3 O bountless salvation, deep ocean of love,
Of fullness of mercy sent down from above!
The whole world redeeming, so rich and so free,
Now flowing for all men—come, roll over me!

My sins they are many, their stains are so deep,
And bitter the tears of remorse that I weep;
But useless is weeping, thou great crimson sea,
Thy waters can cleanse me, come, roll over me.

O ocean of mercy, oft longing I've stood
On the brink of Thy wonderful, life-giving flood!
Once more I have reached this soul-cleansing sea,
I will not go back till it rolls over me.

The tide is now flowing, I'm touching the wave,
I hear the loud call of "The Mighty to Save";
My faith's growing bolder, delivered I'll be,
I plunge 'neath the waters, they roll over me!

Tunes.—Stella (N.B.B. 129); Sovereignty (N.B.B. 119).

4 Give me the faith that can remove
And sink the mountain to a plain;
Give me the child-like, praying love
Which longs to build Thy house again;
Thy love, let it my heart o'erpower,
And all my simple soul devour.

I would the precious time redeem,
And longer live for this alone,
To spend, and to be spent for them
Who have not yet seen Saviour known;
And turn them to a pardoning God,
And quench the brands in Jesus' blood.

My talents, gifts, and graces, Lord,
Into Thy blessed hands receive;
And let me live to preach Thy word,
And let me to Thy glory live;

My every sacred moment spend
In publishing the sinner's Friend.

Enlarge, inflame, and fill my heart
With boundless charity divine!
So shall I all my strength exert,
And love them with a zeal like Thine,
And lead them to Thy open side,
The sheep for whom their Saviour died.

SALVATION.

Tune.—Soon the Reaping-Time (N.B.B. 17).

5 This is a field, the world below,
In which the sower came to sow;
Jesus, the wheat; Satan, the tares;
For so the Word of God declares.

Chorus.

And soon the reaping-time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

Most awful truth, and is it so?
Must all the world the harvest know?
Must all before the Judge appear?
Then for the harvest, oh, prepare.

To love my sins—a saint to appear—
To grow with wheat and be a tare—
May serve me while on earth below,
Where tares and wheat together grow.

But all who are from sin set free
Their Father's Kingdom soon shall see.
Shine like the sun for ever there;
He that hath ears, then, let him hear.

THE LAST CALL OF THE SPIRIT.

By C. W. Waggoner.

Tune.—The Last Rose of Summer.

6 'Tis the last call of the Spirit
To some lost soul here to-night;
Sinner, sinner, pause and hear it,
Let it stay your downward flight
Long has Jesus sought thee, sorrowing,
Darkest path He's trod for thee;
Now the night is swiftly lowering,
To His arms of mercy flee.

Chorus.

(Tune.—Friendship With Jesus; or, Massa's in the
Cold, Cold Ground.)

Down in the garden,
Hear that mournful sound;
There behold the Saviour weeping,
Praying on the cold, damp ground.

Do not slight the love that calls thee.
Love that longs to help and bless:
For no matter what befalls thee,
He will love thee none the less.
Oh, eternal night appalling!
Oh, the bitter loss and pain!
Sinner, hear Him while He's calling,
He may never call again.

If you turn from Him, unheeding,
It will bring you grief and pain.
You may come again, with pleading,
And be left to call in vain;
If you will neglect salvation,
And your sins are unforgiven,
You will find, with consternation,
You have closed the door of heaven.

Tunes.—Mercy Still for Thee (N.B.B. 49); Haste
Away to Jesus (N.B.B. 36).

7 O wanderer, knowing not the smile
Of Jesus' loving face,
In darkness living all the while,
Rejecting offered grace;
To thee Jehovah's voice doth sound,
Thy soul He waits to free;
Thy Saviour hath a ransom found,
There's mercy still for thee.

Chorus.

There's mercy still for thee!
There's mercy still for thee!
Poor trembling soul, He'll make thee whole.
There's mercy still for thee!

For thee, though sunk in deep despair,
Thy Saviour's blood was shed;
He for thy sins was as a lamb
To cruel slaughter led.
That thou mayest find, poor sin-sick soul,
A pardon full and free;
What boundless grace, what wondrous love!
There's mercy still for thee!

Though sins of years rise mountains high,
And would thy hopes destroy,
Thy Saviour's blood can wash away
The stains, and bring thee joy.
Now lift thy heart in earnest prayer,
To Him for safety flee;
While still the angels chant the strain,
"There's mercy still for thee!"



COMMISSIONER COOMBS' WESTERN TOUR

VANCOUVER, Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 14, 15.

NEW WHATCOM, - - - Monday, Jan. 16.

SPOKANE, Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 18, 19.

HELENA, - - - Friday, Jan. 20.

BUTTE, - - Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 21, 22.

FARGO, - - - Tuesday, Jan. 24.

The Commissioner will be accompanied
by

LIEUT.-COLONEL GASKIN.

NEWMARKET, - - - Monday, Jan. 30.

DOVERCOURT, - - - Thursday, Feb. 2.

KINGSTON, - - - Sunday, Feb. 5.

RICHMOND STREET, - - - Sunday, Feb. 12.

TEMPLE, - - - Monday, Feb. 13.

(Commissioning of Cadets)

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

COLONEL JACOBS

will visit

CHATHAM, Ont. Sunday, Jan. 8.

WINDSOR, Ont. Monday, Jan. 9.

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

LIEUT.-COLONEL PUGMIRE

Will visit Bracebridge, Sat. and Sun., Jan. 14, 15; Gravenhurst, Mon., Jan. 16.

Adjt. Smith and the Men-Cadets

Will give the Signal Service at the following corps:
Temple, Jan. 26; Dorvalcourt, Feb. 2; Lippincott, Feb. 16; Riverside, Feb. 23.

T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS.

Ensign Blease.—Sturgeon Falls, Jan. 14, 15, 16; Sudbury, Jan. 17, 18; Coppercliff, Jan. 19; Sault Ste. Marie, Jan. 21, 22, 23; Soo, Ont., Jan. 24, 25, 26; Sudbury, Jan. 28, 29, 30; Sturgeon Falls, Jan. 31; North Bay, Feb. 1; Sudbrook, Feb. 2; Bracebridge, Feb. 2; Parry Sound, Feb. 4, 5, 6; Huntsville, Feb. 7; Gravenhurst, Feb. 8; Midland, Feb. 9; Lindsay, Feb. 10; Fenelon Falls, Feb. 11, 12, 13.

Ensign Edwards.—Montreal IV, Jan. 14, 15; Montreal III, Jan. 16; Montreal I, Jan. 17, 18; Kemptonville, Jan. 19, 20; Smith's Falls, Jan. 21, 22, 23; Ottawa II, Jan. 24, 25; Ottawa I, Jan. 26; Armstrong, Jan. 27; Fenmore, Jan. 28, 29, 30; Tweed, Jan. 31, Feb. 1, 2; Peterborough, Feb. 3, 4, 5; Campbellford, Feb. 6, 7; Millbrook, Feb. 8, 9; Manvers, Feb. 10.

Ensign Poole.—Thedford, Jan. 14, 15; Forest, Jan. 16; Peterborough, Jan. 17, 18; Stratford, Jan. 20, 21; London, Jan. 22, 24, 25; Stratford, Jan. 26, 27; Seaford, Jan. 28, 29; Goderich, Jan. 30, 31; Clinton, Feb. 1; Wingham, Feb. 2; Listowel, Jan. 2; Palmerston, Feb. 4, 5, 6; Drayton, Feb. 7, 8; Guelph, Feb. 9, 10, 11, 12; Hespeler, Feb. 13, 14.